

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 76.—Vol. VII.

OCTOBER, 1879.

PRICE 6D.

A L E C T U R E .

BY BRO. F. H. S. ORPEN, D.D.G.M. GRIQUALAND.

THE ceremonies of initiation became gradually more and more elaborate, and soon required scientific and mechanical appliances for producing startling effects upon the neophyte, and making an ineradicable impression upon his mind. Such appliances could not be constructed or fitted up by any but those who understood their object, nor could they be used either in the open air or in buildings accessible to eavesdroppers. Temples, therefore, had to be constructed, which, in accordance with the policy of the hierarchy, were outwardly and ostensibly intended for the worship which obtained among the multitude in the time and country, but whose elaborate recesses and adyta must necessarily have been constructed by initiated adepts; and as almost all the great buildings of antiquity were temples, raised at a time when dwellings were constructed of so perishable a nature that few, if any, remains of them are now to be found, it naturally and necessarily followed that the names masons and architects became synonymous with adepts—the initiated or the like, and these old builders had, like ourselves, their signs and tokens of mutual recognition.

Such, my brethren, I believe to have been the origin of our Craft. It had no single fountain-head in any one country; but, like language itself, it arose and developed itself spontaneously in various places; and, in all, its distinctive characteristics were three in number.

1. Its members believed, but divulged not to others, their belief in God, the G.A.O.T.U., and in a future state.

2. They were all, more or less, conversant with the constructive arts, more especially with architecture.

3. They conducted all their proceedings in secret, and had private means of mutual recognition.

The ancient mysteries of Egypt, of India, of Greece, and of Rome were therefore, I believe, identical with Freemasonry. They were, it is true, at times polluted and prostituted, for no human institution is free from such a liability; but, nevertheless, in all times their essence, when divested of their temporary coating of sensuality or superstition, was the same, and this essential rallying point of them all was monotheism and a belief in a life beyond the grave.

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul was among them all, and in all countries taught and inculcated, not only directly but by legends and allegories, the doctrine remaining the same, while the legends and illustrations used to impress it on the mind of the candidates, have varied almost endlessly with time and place.

The rising and the setting of the sun, his departure from the northern hemisphere in winter and his summer return, the symbolical loss and recovery—or death, resurrection, and apotheosis—of various real or mythical heroes, have each and all been used for the purpose of symbolical instruction; and from no form of initiation in any country, from the most ancient times to the present day, has such instruction conveyed in such a manner ever been absent.

The writer I have mentioned would assign to our origin a date coincident with that of the erection of various noble edifices built for Christian worship in the middle ages, simply because he can trace no written record or mention of us as Freemasons beyond that time; but I maintain that when the pyramids of Egypt and its temples were erected, *we* were there; when the rock-hewn palaces and temples of India and Arabia were carved, *we* were there; and *we* were also the builders, not only of the Temple of Solomon, but of all the temples of Greece and Rome. In all these ancient countries we used the local religion itself, however superstitious or polluted, as a means to an end, making those of its votaries, who were fitted to receive the truth, use their own creed and its ceremonies, but as a step towards something more noble and more true.

The only ancient creed which openly and unreservedly proclaimed the one true God of the Freemasons was that of the Hebrews, although even these at times, like other men, polluted their religion with superstitions as gross as those of other countries. What wonder, then, that Hiram and his Masons should fraternise with those whom they found to be so much in advance of other nations at the time, or that the temple then raised should have exhibited a more elaborate design and a greater beauty than any other fane of ancient days. Is it not natural that enthusiastic Masons should lend to the work their utmost ability, and that the first temple ever erected avowedly and solely for the worship of the one true God should have drawn together, not only the persons, but the hearts and souls of men. What wonder, either, that its erection (coupled with the circumstances connected therewith) should have taken such a hold upon the imagination of the fraternity that it has ever since formed such an era in our traditions, that, together with its introduction into our ceremonies of legends not before in use, it has become a common belief that we date our birth from the building of King Solomon's Temple. I have already said that our ancient brethren always from the beginning inculcated the doctrine of the immortality of the soul by *some* legends or symbols; it matters little what such legends or symbols were, were they but appropriate, and fitted to make a lasting impression on the mind. Isis and Osiris, Noah, and others have at various times, from the commencement of the world till now, been made to illustrate this truth. Death, resurrection, and apotheosis have been ascribed to gods, demigods, and men by persons of all creeds and languages, but ever with the same object.

I think I have now said enough to let you see, my brethren, that my ideas of our origin and object are very different from those of the writer I have mentioned. While repudiating all obligation on the part of mankind to accept, or subscribe to, any religious dogmas whatever, our fraternity has ever held to the pith and marrow of true religion; and while so doing, and thereby trying to elevate and improve mankind, our skilled brethren have in all ages exemplified in stone the characteristic aspirations of the age in which they lived. In the infancy of our race, when the childlike hearts of men were filled with wonder and admiration at the tremendous power of the Almighty Architect, the cyclopean architecture of the time, emulating in some cases the mountains themselves in vastness, and in others the columnar structure of

Staffa and the Giant's Causeway, was a fitting illustration of the ideas which then filled the human mind. In our youth, when love and beauty held sway, did we not illustrate the fact by the inventions of Grecian architecture. In manhood did we not originate the forms of Gothic temples, whose interiors remind one of the vast solitudes of primæval forests, imitating in stone the stems of pinegroves closed in with leafy tracery, and calculated to awaken in early manhood that reverence and awe which result from the feeling that one is alone with his Creator. Does not this style also aptly illustrate the age of chivalry, when the proud but humble men, half Norman and half Teuton, subordinated all things first to faith, and then to honour, and made even their devotion to lady-love a part, and let me say, not unworthily; no insignificant part, of their devotion to their God.

Thus, my brethren, the Freemasons have for ages played no insignificant part in the history of mankind. In Archaic times we, quite unquestioned, took the lead; as ages rolled along our tenets became more widely spread. One nation, the Hebrews, and they alone, as a nation, accepted our theism; but they neglected much of our other teachings. The brotherhood of man—the doctrines of brotherly love, relief, and truth, in short what is summed up in the saying "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," as well as the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, were for ages rejected by many, if not by all, the Jewish people, while energetically inculcated by the leaders of eastern religions in India. Yet, among the more civilized communities of Greece and Rome we held ever increasing sway, until in their palmy days no one with any pretensions to gentility could dare to confess himself one of the uninitiated. The almost universality of initiation into the mysteries among all who pretended to respectability in the more enlightened days of Greece and Rome reduced in no degree the obligations of its recipients to secrecy, and the sentence of Socrates to death by hemlock is by many ascribed to his advanced ideas being considered, when publicly taught, as a revelation of the mysteries. Many of the Hebrew nation at a later period also were condemned to violent deaths upon a similar charge, merely because their national religion and policy, being a theocracy founded upon monotheism, came so near to the tenets of our ancient order as taught in initiation. So firm a hold had the principles inculcated in our ancient mysteries obtained upon the minds of men some 1800 years ago, that many, possibly the majority, of the Gentile converts to the christian religion looked upon it as merely an elaboration, simplification, or new phase of ancient initiation, so much so, that the very name of *the Mass* is but a corruption of a formula used equally by the old hierophants of our mysteries, and by the first Christian Priests, when the exoteric portion of their ceremonies was completed and the esoteric rites were about to commence: *Ite missa est*, that is to say, "Begone ye profane, ye are dismissed." I think, my brethren, that by this time you will believe with me that no human organization has ever held such sway, or had such a great effect upon the minds of the human race, as has our noble and ancient order. It is a pity that we see now-a-days so many gaining admission into our ranks who, without an inkling of our derivation or descent, and with but a very vague notion of our deepest and most permanent principles, go through life, and even attain to rank and office among us, with no other idea than that certain ceremonials, which to them have no signification, constitute our only distinction from other men. I shall be glad if what I have said should lead some of you to really study the matter and see whether my conclusions be without foundation; and still more shall I rejoice should it induce all of you to believe, as I do, that we constitute the oldest and most permanent depository of those great truths that I have mentioned; that, while creeds and politics may vary as they please, and sects and denominations multiply over the face of the earth, till bickerings, heartburnings and polemical disputes have become a disgrace to civilized men, we yet have a firm hold of the fundamental points

of the true religion, which teaches that the Lord our God is one God, is our God, our Father, our Creator, our King, our Judge; that he is all powerful, and all merciful, and all wise; that every son of Adam is to each one of us a brother worthy of our sympathy and entitled to our assistance, and that there is a life beyond the grave. While we hold to these our ancient tenets we need never fear that any true man, whatever creed he may profess, can with any truth accuse us of heresy, or, when he knows us, refuse us his adhesion; and at the same time when, as now, we find theologians disputing about the fashion of a garment or the colour of a vestment, "tithing mint, anise, and cummin, and forgetting the weightier matters of the law," we may rejoice that, accepting all reverent worshippers of the most High, we now stand as we have ever stood, as the upholders of truth against the attacks of atheism and materialism on the one hand, and the encroachments of Ultramontanism and intolerance on the other. All Glory to the most High.

SOME NOTES CONCERNING A DORMANT LODGE ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

BY W. FRED. VERNON, R.W.M. NO. 58, AND P.M. 261, S.C.

ONE sometimes comes across traces of Freemasonry which existed in out of the way places; and, having seen reference made in the minutes of the old lodge of Kelso, No. 58, to a lodge at Yetholm, we determined to make enquiry concerning this dormant lodge. For this purpose we made several excursions to the village, but for some time our labour was in vain. We could find out neither Mason nor anything Masonic, and we were even informed that there never had been a lodge in Yetholm. Knowing, however, that there had been a lodge there, and feeling sure that traces of it must exist in the district, we, although "baffled off," did not despair of ultimate success in our research. We argued that although the brethren might all have been gathered to their fathers, their sons or some other relative might be alive who remembered their talking about Freemasonry; and even if we did not find out any such, we might find a diploma, or an apron, perhaps, that would lead to something else—perhaps to the paraphernalia, working tools, minute books, or even the charter of the lodge. Even supposing the whole of the lodge properties dispersed far and wide, we calculated that the charter would scarcely be wilfully destroyed, and, if it were not hanging framed in some cottage, it might be lying forgotten in some old closet or chest, where it had been deposited for safe keeping many years ago. Our enquiries were accordingly not abated, but were personally resumed as opportunity offered, and we have no doubt that we were often looked upon pityingly by some of the good folks of the village as one who had a want—which we decidedly had, but not in the sense they imagined—or as one who was troubled with "thick-coming fancies," or had a lost lodge on the brain. As we could not stay beyond a few hours in the village on each occasion of our visit, we got the assistance of a resident, Mr. George Dodds, who sometimes accompanied us in our search, and, in our absence, continued the enquiry. In fact, but for his kindly assistance we would have made little speed, for he knew everybody and everyone knew him; and, although he was at first dubious about the existence of the lodge, as he had never heard it mentioned, yet our anxiety and determination seemed to convince him, and he threw himself into the search with a zeal not only as if he had been an interested brother like myself, but as if he had been a born

Masonic antiquary, like Bros. Murray Lyon and Hughan; and he at last found traces of what we were in search of in the possession of an old widow, whose husband had been a Mason. Upon his communicating to us this intelligence we hurried up to Yetholm; but, alas! to be disappointed once more, for upon our arrival we found that the old lady in whose possession the documents had been had departed this life the evening previous. Leaving instructions that any papers with writing on, or any articles of a Masonic character, were to be carefully put aside after the funeral, we awaited the course of events. Some few days afterwards we received a parcel containing two thin folio books, containing the laws and a list of "Members belonging to the Lodge from its first beginning in the year of our Lord 1745," together with the charter granted to the "Beaumont Lodge, Yetholm, No. 237," on the 7th of May, 1810.

Before proceeding further with the slight sketch of this lodge—for the sketch must be slight, as the materials we have to work upon are very meagre—we think a short description of Yetholm will not be out of place. The town of Yetholm is divided into two villages—Kirk Yetholm and Town Yetholm. The former, on the right or east bank of the river Beaumont, is the more ancient, being the original village. Mention is made of the church as far back as 1233; while Town Yetholm, which is situated on the north of the beautiful valley watered by the Beaumont, although now the more important portion of the town, is much more modern, no mention of it being known before the sixteenth century. The two portions are at some little distance from each other, the river which runs between them being spanned by a bridge erected in 1836. Kirk Yetholm stands on the right bank of the Beaumont, on the base of one of the Cheviot Hills. It has long been the head-quarters of several gipsy tribes. In the days when they were persecuted and driven from county to county, the village of Yetholm being situated close on the Border, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Cheviot mountains, amongst the fastnesses of which they could seek shelter, this place was admirably adapted as a safe place of abode. As Jeffrey, in his history of Roxburghshire, says—"On the executors of the law of either kingdom attempting to enforce obedience to the statutes, it was easy for the Gipsies to retire across the ideal line to the friendly side, or penetrate the recesses of the Cheviot mountains, in which they might mock the utmost efforts of their pursuers. In these wilds they could have no difficulty in procuring provisions from the numerous herds of deer and other animals with which these mountains then abounded. Following the range of the Cheviot Fells, they could make incursions into the very heart of Northumberland, and, under cover of the same wilds, they might travel to the west seas." The king was usually chosen from the strongest tribe; and the Faa's, a well-known name on the Border, being a very powerful tribe, supplied more than one sovereign to the gipsies here. This tribe is extinct, and the throne is now occupied by Esther Faa Blythe, a descendant of the Faa's in the female line. Queen Esther receives visitors at her "palace," Kirk Yetholm. The principal attractions about Yetholm are the pure air, the abundant streams for fishing, and the beauty of the scenery, which is very varied, ranging from the quite pastoral beauty of the valleys to the wild and romantic scenery of the hills. Our worthy secretary, Lodge 58, Bro. H. W. Thomson, thus sweetly sings of Yetholm in his "Emigrant to Teviotdale:"—

"The daisied bank whereon I lay
And planned my boyish hopes—
Watching the cattle, red and white,
Upon the Cheviot slopes.

"The Beaumont hurrying from its source
Among the mountain rills,
And spreading down the valley past
Sweet Yetholm on the hills."

Yetholm is situated just a pleasant walking distance from Kelso, being but seven-and-a-half miles distant, and for the benefit of those who are unable to "drive their own pair" there is a daily public conveyance between the two places.

To return to the old lodge. The older minute book (if minute book it can be called, seeing it contains no regular minutes) has, in addition to the laws, lists of the various members, with the dates of their initiation, etc. The second book contains the laws as revised on the 27th of December, 1811, a register of members, with their marks, who subscribed to the laws, and a list of the members, with the date of their entry, down to the close of the lodge. The meetings seem to have been held pretty regularly until 1820, but from the 28th of December of that year until the 27th of December, 1833, which is the last meeting recorded, there does not seem to have been any meetings held.

We copy the title page, laws, and other extracts *verbatim*. The following is the title page:—

" THE BOOK.

CONTAINING THE LAWS FOR REGULATION

THE LODGE.

Also

THE NAMES OF ALL THE MEMBERS BELONGING TO THE LODGE, FROM ITS FIRST BEGINNING

In the year of our Lord, 1745. January 3rd day was a constitute Lodge of free Masons, meet then, at Town Yetholme. The names of the Brethren who constitute this Lodge that day.

Was. ALEXANDER BAILLIE, Gentleman, Master.

PATRICK MURRAY, of Cherrytrees, Esq.

HENRY DAVIDSON, in Mowhaugh.

WILL. DAVIDSON, Kirk Yetholme.

JOHN YOUNG, in Belfoord.

WILLIAM KERR, Town Yetholme."

On the next leaf are the laws as follows:—

" THE LAWS OF THE LODGE.

- | | |
|----------------|---|
| first Article | All the Fellows of the Lodge is to meet at Town Yetholme, on St. John's Day, to Dine with the Master of the Lodge. Wherever the Lodge is kept, and if any Member is absent, that Day unless a sufficient excuse he is liable to a fine not exceeding one pound Scotts money. |
| Second Article | Every one must that Day appear with a white apron, and Clean White Gloves, or forfeit one shilling sterling. |
| 3rd Article | If any member is absent three years successively he thereby Deprives himself of the benefit of the Lodge, and cannot then claim, any interest thereto unless upon conditions that the Lodge is pleased with, and then he may be admitted again. |
| 4th Article | Any member that is guilty of any malverss wheather by word or deed shall be lyable to the censure of the Lodge and if he will not submit thereto shall be extruded the Lodge and not received again unless owning his fault, and giving satisfaction to the Lodge for his misdemeanour. |
| 5th Article | All Differences that may happen in the Lodge shall be agreed, by the majority of Votes. The Master being Preses. who having two votes, in case of Equality in Votes. |
| 6th Article | Every Member is to pay threepence sterling each quarter of the Year, to the Treasurer, no member must be dyficient of his quarter payment, more than a year, or else he obliges himself to pay threepence sterl. for Deficiency. |
| 7th Article | The Masters and others officers belonging to the Lodge, is to be chosen every two Years. On St. John's Day by votes, and must serve the Lodge acording to the office designed them. |
| 8th Article | A general meeting of the Fellows of the Lodge shall be kept at Town Yetholm the Second Wednesday of December Yearly, to order everything necessary for the use of the Lodge on St. John's Day. |
| 9th Article | Every one that is made a free Mason, is to pay the sum of Ten Shillings sterling, to be disposed of as the Lodge pleases, and to cloath the Lodge, with white Gloves, as ordinary. |

- 10th Article Any one that is made a Mason, is to pay the Sum of Five shillings sterling for the use of the Lodge.
- 11th Article If any stranger desires to be made a free Mason at any time the Master may convene as many as he pleases and enter any they paying the ordinary stated Sum, to be applied for the use of the Lodge.
- 12th Article These former Articles, We, the present Members of the Lodge, have all agreed too, to be rules for the government of the Lodge, and that ever article is to continue in force until the Lodge finds it necessary for altering, or breaking, any, of them. It being always in the power of the Lodge to Dissolve, or enact, Laws, as they see fit, for the good of the Lodge and ordered them to be written in the Book for the preservation, and subscribed by John Walker present Master of the Lodge, in the Year one Thousand Seven Hundred and forty Six Years. written by him and Subscribed for Confirmation
- (Signed) JOHN WALKER.
- 13th Article The first quarterly payment falls Due on the last Wednesday of March. The second quarterly payment falls due, the last Wednesday of June. The third quarterly payment falls Due the last Wednesday of September. The fourth or last quarterly payment on St. John's Day, which if not payed all, then, are fined according to the 6th Article.
- 14th Article According to the 12th Act, it is left in the power of the Lodge, to enact, or break Laws, as they see proper, for the good of the Lodge. it is therefore understood that any Alterations, or Additions of the Laws, is to be offered or made, by the Brethren, that are in the H— O— of Masonry, none of the J— D— is to have a vote in anything, that makes an new act unless the S— O— sees proper, but as in the Government of all Societys as well as in this the Laws that are at first Made for Government may be defective, or bear one or more Interpretations, the Brethren of an J— O— both a right to give their judgment, on any act of the Laws, or in anything that is to make a new Act, or in the Altering of any Old Act, it not being in the power of the H— O— to make or alter Laws without the knowledge of the whole Lodge.
- 15th Article No Act of the Lodge is to be a stated Law till inserted in this Book, and this Book with other utensils belonging to the Lodge, is to be Kept in the Masons Box, and whoever is Grand Master is to keep the Key of the Box, and to make the box and Key forthcoming to the Lodge when called for, and he who is chosen Collector to have the Key of the Inner box, and to be accountable to the Lodge for what Money he Collects, once a year if demanded by the Lodge.
- 16th Article That in case the Master with the rest of the officers of the Lodge, should see fit to call the Lodge together at any time it is necessary to have, one, to warn all the Lodge, if such a meeting be necessary, who is to be chosen by votes, as the other officers are, and must not refuse to officiate when duly chosen but in regard of his trouble, because of some of the members of the Lodge having at a distance, he is therefore to be free'd of his quarterly payment for his pains, upon his discharging his office peaceably.
- 17th Article It is appointed that Seven Members of the Lodge or any number above, but not below, must attend the quartely meeting which must meet on the last Wednesday of the months, as in the 13th Act whose office it is to inspect The Treasurers Books, and see that all Bills be right Drawn and see whatever is for the good of the Lodge. They are to be chosen yearly on St. John's Day but not by votes. The G—M and W—S having the sole power of nominating, any they please, and if any of the number, of the Quarterly Meeting be absent from their days of meeting the presents has a power to fine them not exceeding threepence Sterling, but if the absent thinks, he has a lawfull excuse, and the meeting should still fine him, he may appeal to the first Grand meeting thereafter."

At the very outset we find the lodge meeting with misfortune, for a little more than a year after its formation two of the original members died, as is quaintly recorded in the following entry :—

"The Lodge having on St. John's Day 1745 chosen John Walker to be G. Master of the Lodge. Likewise ordered Him to get a Book wherein He should write all the Acts and what else was necessary for the use and government of the Lodge, as was agreed on that Day, and that this Book should be subscribed by every Fellow of the Lodge the next St. John's Day, which He did, and gave it into the Lodge but in the Spring Quarter 1746 Dyed (greatly Lamented by the Lodge)

Alexander Baillie, Belford
Patrick Murray of Cherrytrees Esq.
Both of the number of the first founders of this Lodge
And on St. John's Day 1746

This Book was begun to be subscribed by the
Society of free masons, And these are the Brethren's
Subscriptions following, with their ——— following their names."

There are nine signatures with marks appended upon this page ; upon the next are eight, and upon the next five, in all twenty-two signatures ; but these did not constitute the whole of the members at that date, as about the middle of the book we find a register as follows :—" From This Part is a List of all the Brethren belonging to the Lodge from its first beginning, viz., on January 3rd, 1745, with an account of the day and the year of their being admitted into the Society of Free Masons ;" and we find that in December, 1746, there were twenty-six members, and up to the end of the century there were entered altogether eighty-seven members. Deducting the names of the two brethren deceased, there ought to have been twenty-four members subscribing the book on St. John's Day, 1746.

The following is a specimen of the official list of members :—

1746		The names of all members belonging to the Lodge
These Six Brothers meet at Yetholme January 3rd 1745 and that Day	j	Alexander Baillie, Belford Dyed February 1746
	2	Patrick Murray of Cherrytrees Esq. Dyed March 1746
	3	Henry Davidson in Mowhagh
	4	William Davidson Kirk Yetholme
	5	John Young in Belford
	6	William Kerr in Yetholme
These Three were made free Masons and That Day	7	John Walker Toun Yetholme
	8	Robert Kerr Toun Yetholme
	9	James Walker Hayhope
These Three being Masons before but not incorporated with any Lodge joined this Lodge also	j0	Thomas Jordan Toun Yetholme
	ii	Walter Davidson Kirk Yetholme
	i2	Robert Jordan Toun Yetholme
These Two was made free Masons on Fastern's Even* 1745.	i3	William Walker Halterburn
	i4	William Alexander Lintoun

It will be seen by the above that the lodge was first formed by six brethren, who were joined by three others at the first meeting, when three candidates were made Masons. There were other two initiations or making in 1745, and ten the year following ; in 1747 there were four entered, and five in 1748, the number of meetings in each year being four. Further on we come to another

* Fastern's Even or Shrove Tuesday, a day still celebrated in many towns and villages on the Borders by foot and hand ball matches ; " Bá day" as it is often called. In Melrose and Jedburgh the game is played in the principal streets, and for the protection of their windows the shopkeepers have to put up their shutters. Every village urchin can tell when Fastern's E'en or " Bá day" comes by the following rhyme :—

" First comes Candlemas,
Then the new moon,
The first Tuesday after
Is Fastern's E'en."

division of the book, with a title as follows:—"This Part contains The names of all the Brethren who is admitted into the H— O— of Masonry, with an account of the Day and the year of their being admitted into this H— D— of M—, their names being Inrolled according to their Seniority in this D— of M—."

This list must refer to the Master's degree, as the letters H— O—, S— O—, and S— D— in the following extract evidently means Holy Order, Sublime Order, and Sublime Degree. It will be seen that in those days candidates were not hurried through the different degrees in one night. Compare the dates in the following with the dates in the previous extract:—

1746		The names of all members in the ——— of M— according to their Seniority in this H— O— of M— belonging to the Lodge.
These being the Founders of this Lodge and being old masons cannot remember the time of their being admitted into This H— O— of M— But	j	Alexander Baillie Belford Dyed February 1746
	2	Patrick Murray of Cherrytrees Esq. Died March 1746
	3	Henry Davidstone in Mowhaugh
	4	William Davidstone Kirk Yetholme
	5	John Young Belfoord
These four entered to this H— O— at the first beginning of this Lodge viz. on January 3d 1745 and	6	John Walker Yetholme
	7	William Kerr Yetholme
	8	Thomas Jerdon Yetholme
	9	Walter Davidson Kirk Yetholme
These three entered to this S— O— of M— on fastern's even 1745 and	i0	James Walker Hayhope
	ii	Robert Kerr Yetholme
	i2	Robert Jordan Yetholme
This one entered the S— D— of M— on ye first Wednesday of February 1746	j3	William Walker Halterburn

The records in this book close with the year 1810, and the new book, which is arranged upon the very same plan as the above, a brief entry of names and dates, has at the beginning a revised code of laws dated December 27th, 1811, in the main similar to the old laws. There is a new one of later date, however, which runs as follows:—"According to the Resolution of the Lodge on March 31st, 1813, it is agreed, according to the order of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, that the fees of entrance into the Lodge for future shall be one pound four shillings sterling, and fees for raising thirteen shillings sterling, which is to take place on every member entered and raised after the above mentioned date." The last date of an entry is December 27th, 1822, the candidate being James Dodds, mason, Yetholm, and appended to his name the note "January 25th, 1825, entered in the Grand Lodge Book." Turning to the end of the book we find the following "Register of Raisings:" "The Charter was obtained May 7th, 1810, and the Members dated before that time are those who purchased it," by which we are able to note that there were eighteen Master Masons in the Lodge at the time of obtaining the charter, and the latest date in the Register of Raisings is December 27th, 1833, when Robert Gibson, joiner, Yetholm, who was entered, as we find in the list of entrants, November 30th, 1819, was "passed to the H— O— of Masonry." This must have been the last act of the lodge according to the books now in our possession. Besides the charter, which is signed by the Hon. William Maule, M.P.* (Acting

* First Lord Panmure.

Grand Master), William Inglis (Acting Substitute Grand Master), and others, the only other document connected with this lodge is a printed certificate, with blanks to fill up, of which the following is a copy:—

“CERTIFICATE.

In the East there is Light where peace and silence reign, and the Light shineth in the Darkness, and the Darkness comprehendeth it not.

We the Right Worshipful the Master and Wardens of the BEAUMONT LODGE, Yetholm, do hereby certify to all men enlightened, that Brother _____ regularly entered an apprentice, passed Follow Craft, and as a diligence due to his zeal and capacity, have given unto him the Sublime Degree of Master, and as such have admitted him into our most mysterious and secret work, and as such we recommend him to all our Brethren, properly constituted throughout the Globe.

Given at the Beaumont Lodge, Yetholm, on the Registry of Scotland, No. 302, under our Hand and Seal, this _____ day of _____ in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and _____ and of Masonry five thousand eight hundred and _____

Secretary

Master.
Senior Warden.
Junior Warden.”

The above notes comprehend all we have been able to learn about this lodge. What has become of the box and other articles belonging to the lodge we know not; we are afraid they are irrecoverable, but the articles we have in our possession will remain in safe keeping, to be handed over to the *Beaumont Lodge* should any brethren at any time desire to resuscitate it.

BEATRICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE “OLD, OLD STORY,” “ADVENTURES OF DON PASQUALE,” ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. Miller had for some time past been an assiduous visitor at Mrs. Mortimer's, where his platitudes and his attentions seemed to be well received, at any rate by the widow, and if Beatrice did not appear much to care either for his honeyed words or tender smiles, Mrs. Mortimer herself did duty for both, and soon both mamma and daughter rolled into one. Indeed, Twamley suggested that if Mrs. Mortimer would take compassion on Mr. Miller it might soothe him under a great disappointment, and as this was cordially received at an afternoon tea, when much nonsense was, as usual, spoken, with an arch look from Beatrice and a merry laugh from Agnes Miller, it became to be “within de possibilities of de future,” as Brummer liked to put it. Beatrice, in the meantime, pursued the “even tenour” of her “way,” which was about as good a “way” as I know anywhere and under any circumstances to be pursued by any mere mortal living amid the pages and the mazes of this sublunary scene. If to be always kind and considerate, genial and gentle, pleasant to all, but specially pleasant to one, then did that gay and goodly maiden well merit the admiration of all who knew her, who saw her graceful form, watched her cheery smile, admired her rippling hair, or were fascinated by her agreeable words. Of course, my dear Mrs. Potterby, you will see I must have been a lover to describe such a “paragon of perfection,” as Mrs. Granley told the Archdeacon a certain Grace Crawley was. Perhaps I was, but what then? Is there any punishment for admiration? Is there any impropriety in “tendresse”? I hope not. I am aware that some people

think all such subjects utter trash, fit only for sublimated geese and ganders; but what a sorry world this would be, after all, without love. Remember, love is one thing, matrimony another; and "fore George, sir," as Captain Lacey liked to say, "a very different thing," "very, yes, my dear, very." It is not always the people who fall in love, or even who love each other, who get married, or "marry themselves," as an Irishmen put it. No, love is like a game at blind-man's-buff, or "Spillekins;" we do not always get the right man or the right woman. Years ago, at a famous church, some twelve couples came to be married, and after the ceremony was over, the intelligent curate said in a silvery voice, "Sort yourselves, good people." "If you please, sir," said one unfortunate and timid young man, "you have married me to the wrong woman." "Very sorry indeed, my good man," replied the affable curate, "but it is too late now, it can't be remedied; and after all," he added, philosophically, "it does not much matter, I should think."

I do not vouch for the truth of this story. It is a legend, a pious one, and believed in by many who know and love the old church where the scene is placed.

Marriage, in my opinion, is thus ever marked and marred by the strange contradictions of life. The most unlikely and the most unsuitable people get joined to each other for any or no imaginable reason, and I need not add how striking are often the contrasts of content and uneasiness, joy and sorrow, harmony and discord in the married life, so much so as to make many old bachelors, like "old Tom Quince," immortalized by Præd, pride themselves and boast of their single freedom, tranquility, and blessedness. How often does it happen that people who ought to have married each other do not, and either get married to another, and lament their hard lot, or else go on moping and wretched to the end of their career. One recipe for matrimony I beg to offer, for happy matrimony—never "throw a chance away," and when your "dear deceiver," your own adored Jezabel, is in the "take me while I'm in the humour" style, take her, my boy, and be happy with her.

Some people are proverbial for never knowing their own minds or making them up, and more happy unions are hindered for want of a little goodly decision than some folks are aware of. I do not know anything happier than a well assorted marriage. I know nothing more miserable on this earth of ours than a couple not meant for each other, a couple with nothing in common but the chance coupling of an infelicitous union, which has bound in adamant chains those who hardly know their own minds, know less of one another, and who positively on both sides preferred someone else.

How often does it happen that you throw away a chance, and then you meet him or her once so much admired, cherished, valued, but now severed by matrimony for someone else from you for ever here, and you say to yourself, "I have made a mistake, a great, a great mistake!" Oh, regret *too late!* Oh, sorrow unavailing!

I have travelled so far on this little journey of "love" that I leave but little space, I fear, for anything else, whether sentiment or any other emotion; and as I do not want to get "mixed up," I think it well to conclude this chapter with, I fear, the trite remark, that marriage is a "lottery" with "one prize," but "very many blanks."

I trust that my readers will appreciate duly the little "homily" I have read to them on a "much worn subject," and if they do not agree with all I profess or propound, if they like neither my views, nor my illustrations, nor my moral, well, I shall not quarrel with them for disagreeing with me, but shall be quite willing to own that they are in the right in their views of this recondite and delicate subject, and that I am utterly and decidedly wrong.

(To be continued.)

ODE SACRÉE A L'ÉTERNEL.

PAR FR. PROF. DUFLOS.

ÊTRE infini que l'homme adore,
 Qu'il sent et ne peut concevoir ;
 Soleil sans déclin, sans aurore,
 Que l'esprit seul fait entrevoir,
 De ton immortelle lumière,
 J'ose, du sein de la poussière,
 Contempler tes traits ravissants ;
 Agrandis, élève mon âme,
 Et qu'un pur rayon de ta flamme,
 Anime, échauffe mes accents.

Qui peut sonder ton origine ;
 Des temps, tu précédas le cours ;
 Par toi-même, essence divine !
 Tu fus et tu seras toujours.
 Quand des ans tout subit l'outrage,
 Sur l'abîme on rien ne surnage,
 Tu demeures fixe et constant ;
 Et dans la marche mesurée,
 Tous les siècles à ta durée ;
 N'ajoutent pas un seul instant.

Auteur de tout ce qui respire,
 Tout est plein de ta majesté ;
 Point de limite à ton empire,
 Ton empire est l'immensité.
 D'un seul regard ton œil embrasse
 Le vaste océan de l'espace,
 Trop borné pour le contenir ;
 Et devant elle la pensée,
 Au-delà des temps élancée,
 Fait comparaître l'avenir.

Dans ton sein le germe de l'être,
 Dormait de toute éternité ;
 Et l'Univers entier pour naître,
 N'attendrait que la volonté.
 Tu dis, et le flambeau du monde,
 Chassant l'obscurité profonde,
 Commença le cours des saisons ;
 Ton souffle animant la matière,
 Sur sa masse informe et grossière,
 Versa les fleurs et les moissons.

Tu dis au ver caché sous l'herbe :
 " Sois obscur, ramper est ta loi ; "
 Au lion farouche et superbe :
 " Des déserts tu seras le roi ; "
 A l'aigle : " L'air est ton domaine,
 Que de ton aile souveraine,
 L'audace etonne les humains ; "
 Tu dis à l'homme ton image :
 " La raison, voilà ton partage,
 Sois le chef-d'œuvre de mes mains."

SACRED ODE TO THE ETERNAL.

BRO. PROF. LOUIS DUFLOS.

[Bro. L. Duflos has been one of the teachers in the Masonic Girls' School, Dublin, for the last eighteen years.—Ed.]

INFINITE Being whom man adores,
Whom he feels, but cannot comprehend ;
Sun without rise or fall,
Of whom the soul alone can have a glimpse ;
I dare contemplate, from the bosom of the dust,
Thy radiant countenance ;
Enlarge and elevate my soul,
And grant that one pure ray of Thy flame
May animate and enkindle my tongue.
Who is there can fathom Thy source ;
Thou didst precede the course of time ;
Essence divine ! alone Thou wast ;
Alone Thou wilt for ever be !
When all time shall cease,
Unchanged and constant
Over the abyss where nothing else survives
Thou wilt remain ;
And in their measured course
All ages add to Thy existence not an instant more.
Author of all that breathes,
Full of Thy majesty is everything ;
Without bound or limit is Thy empire,
Thy kingdom is immensity.
Thy single glance at once embraces
The vast ocean of extended space,
Yet all too limited to contain Thee ;
And before which Thy thought,
Darted beyond all time,
Brings into view the future.
The germ of being in Thy bosom
Slept from all eternity ;
And the whole Universe to spring into existence
Awaited but Thy will.
Thou spoke, and the world's flaming torch,
Chasing the deep obscurity,
Commenced the season's course ;
Thy breath given life to matter,
Shed over its rude and shapeless form
Harvests and flowers.
To the poor worm hid in the grass Thou saidst :
" Be thou obscure and creep ; such is thy law ;"
To the lion fierce and majestic :
" Of the deserts thou shall be king ;"
Then, to the eagle, thus :
" The air is thy domain ;
Let the bold daring of thy royal wing astonish man ;"
Thou said'st to man, Thy image :
" Reason is thy portion,
Of My hands be thou the master-piece."

Quand du soleil, l'avant-courrière,
 Au monde annonce la clarté ;
 Je vois, dans sa douce lumière,
 Le sourire de ta bonté.

A l'aspect du jour, la nature,
 M'offre, dans sa riche parure,
 De ses dons l'éclat somptueux ;
 Et dans l'ombre de la nuit même,
 Brille à mes yeux le diadème,
 Qui ceint ton front majestueux.

Cessez de créer des fantômes,
 Mortels avengles et pervers ;
 Qui, combinant de vains atômes
 Osez expliquer l'Univers.
 Me direz-vous en quelle source,
 L'astre du jour, ouvrant sa course,
 De ses feux puisa les torrents ?
 Quel pouvoir lin marqua sa route ?
 Quel bras à la celeste voûte,
 Suspendit ces mondes errants ?

De l'infini sonde l'abîme,
 Athée, esprit audacieux ;
 Prends ton essor, d'un vol sublime,
 Parcours l'immensité des Cieux.
 Interroge au sein de l'espace,
 Ces corps radieux dont la masse
 Roule dans un cerile enflammé ;
 Qu'ils parlent ! mais pour te confondre,
 A ces témoins peux-tu répondre :
 C'est un Dieu qu'ils ont proclamé.

Oui, d'une cause universelle,
 Partout éclateut les effets ;
 Partout, Providence éternelle,
 Tu te montres dans tes bienfaits.
 Qui pourrait nier ta puissance ?
 De toi découle l'existence,
 Le néant conçu à ta voix ;
 Au-dessus des Cieux et des âges,
 Tranquille ; tu vois tes ouvrages
 Suivre tes immuables lois.

Ma gloire est d'invoquer ton Etre,
 Et mon bonheur de te bénir ;
 Si je suis né pour te connaître,
 Que suis-je pour te définir ?
 En vain, l'intelligence humaine,
 De sa lueur pâle, incertaine,
 S'efforcerait de m'éclairer ;
 A mon cœur tu te fais entendre,
 Qu'ai-je besoin de te comprendre,
 Quand tout me dit de t'adorer.

When early morn, harbinger of the sun,
Announces to the world his coming light,
I see, in its soft down,
The smile of Thy beneficence.
At day's bright aspect,
Nature, in her rich attire,
Presents the sumptuous splendour of her gifts ;
And even in shadowy night,
The diadem encircling Thy majestic brow,
Glitters before my eyes.

Mortals, perverse and blind,
Cease to create idle conceits ;
And, essaying to combine vain atoms,
Dare to explain the universe ;
Say, can you tell the source
From whence the morning star, commencing his career,
Derived the torrents of his flame ?
What power marked out his course ?
What arm suspended from the celestial vault
Those whirling spheres ?

Atheist, audacious spirit,
Fathom the depths of the infinity ;
Take thy flight on lofty wing,
And traverse heaven's immensity ;
In the gulf of space
Interrogate the radiant orbs
Whose masses roll in fiery circle round
To confound thee. Let them speak.
To these witnesses canst thou reply ?
It is a God whom they proclaim.

Yes, of one universal cause,
In every part the evidence shines forth ;
Eternal Providence, every where
Thou showest Thyself in Thy bounties.
Who can deny Thy power ?
From Thee flows life perpetual ;
Chaos itself conceived at Thy voice ;
Tranquil above the heavens
Thou seest Thy works
Follow their laws immutable.

It is my glory to invoke Thy name,
And my happiness to bless Thee :
If I am formed to know Thee,
What am I that I should define Thee ?
In vain may human reason,
With its pale, uncertain light,
Try to enlighten me ;
In my heart Thou makest Thyself felt.
Why need I comprehend Thee,
When all things tell me to adore.

MASONIC AND ANTI-MASONIC PROCESSIONS,
CARICATURES, ETC.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

GUILD processions during the Middle Ages were common both in England and on the continent. A guild usually turned out on its own patron saint's day, but in some places all the guilds would parade the streets on the Baptist's day. The Reformation in a measure destroyed faith in saint patronage. Thus, the goldsmiths in London, after the death of Henry VIII., broke up the image of their patron saint, and destroyed their great cup with an image of the same saint on the top. From that time, with the exception of the Lord Mayor's show, guild processions ceased altogether. After our so-called "Masonic revival," public Masonic processions were revived—the only revival of an old custom, as far as I know, which the new Grand Lodge effected, and a very foolish revival it was. From 1721 to 1728, both inclusive, the Masonic processions and grand feasts were held either on the Baptist's or on the Evangelist's day, but afterwards saint day processions were discontinued. The annual feast and procession, as long as processions continued, varied between January 30th and May 2nd.

In 1721 the brethren marched on foot from the Queen's Arms to Stationers' Hall. In 1728 coaches were added to the show. In 1730 chariots as well as coaches processioned. In 1734 a band of music, consisting of trumpeters, kettle-drummers, French *horners*, and *hautboysers* enlivened the brethren while marching. In 1739, instead of one band they had "three sets of music;" how many more sets of music would ultimately have been required for a Masonic procession no one knows, but the following four Masonic processions were disturbed by burlesque procession, about which more will be said hereafter. These four processions took place March 19th, 1741; April 27th, 1742; May 2nd, 1744; and April 18th, 1745.

"From hence in leather aprons drest,
With tinsel ribbon on their breast,
In pompous order marched the train.
First two, then three, then two again,
As through the street they passed along,
All kinds of music led the throng:
Trumpets and kettle drums were there,
And horns, too, in the front appear.
* * * * *
Girls left their needle, boys their book,
And crowded in the street to look;
And if from laughing we guess right,
They were much pleased with the sight.

The above satire was provoked by a Masonic procession in Boston, U.S.A., in 1739. Another poem of the same style was published by the same author in 1750 or 1751; but satirical poetry did not stop Masons from making a public display of themselves. It required no less than four mock Masonic processions in London ere the brethren became sensible that their revival of Masonic processions was foolish.

The first Masonic opposition manifested itself by the formation of the "Gormagon Order," which, according to Dr. Mackey, was in 1724. The said order came from China. Confucius seems to have been its founder; the chief officer was called the "Grand Volgi." The said order, by command of the Volgi, was frequently advertised between October 26th, 1728, and 1730. The nature of the advertisements I do not know; it is probable, however, as the

said order seems to have originated either in imitation of Freemasonry, or may be to burlesque it, that the Gormagons may also have made public parades. In Henry Carey's poems, printed in 1729, we have the first satire against Masons, combined with the Gormagons.*

"The Masons and Gormagons
Are laughing at one another,
While all mankind are laughing at them;
Then why do they make such pother?"

"They bait their hooks for simple gulls,
And truth with bam they smother;
But when they've taken in their gulls,
Why then! 'tis—welcome brother."

Hogarth seems to have seized the opportunity of making a penny out of the Gormagons. In Nichols and Stevens' edition of Hogarth, printed in London in 1810, I found a caricature, and underneath was printed, "The mystery of Masonry brought to light by the Gormagons," and it is stated that the following lines were also printed on the plate:—

"From Eastern climes transplanted to our coasts,
Two oldest orders that creation boasts
Here meet in miniature, exposed to view,
That by their conduct men may judge their due.

"The Gormagons, a venerable race,
Appear distinguished with peculiar grace.
What honor, wisdom, truth, and social love;
Sure such order had its birth above.

"But mark, Freemasons, what a farce is this!
How wild their mystery! what a *bun* they kiss!
Who would not laugh who such occasions had?
Who would not weep to think the world so mad?"

The editors of the Hogarth before me admit that the year when that caricature was engraved is unknown, but they intimate that it probably appeared about the year 1742, memorable for the anti-Masonic caricatures exhibiting the Masons and "Scald Masons" in front of the Somerset House. As this is a mere conjecture I beg leave to differ from the opinion of the said editors. The caricature may be divided into three groups; first, a musician seated on the ground, and four Gormagon dignitaries (Confucius is one of them). One of these holds in his hand the *moon*, another the *sun*, the third wears a breastplate with a goose engraved thereon, and Confucius has a long beard reaching his knees. The second group is *indelicate*, but I shall describe it the best way I can. It consists of a donkey, on which a woman is squatted; her indelicate part behind is bare, and spotted with beauty spots; a ladder, with a dozen or more staves, is also placed across the back of the donkey, and at the back of the woman a man, dressed in a tunic, has his head poked through between the staves of the ladder, and his mouth in close contiguity to the *beauty spots*; to this the doggerel refers, "What a *bun* they kiss." The third group is a man and woman laughing. There are some other things on it, but they need not be described. Now, with the exception of the *sun* and *moon*, which are certainly appropriate symbols for a Chinese order, whose emperor is a descendant from the sun and moon, there is not a solitary Masonic emblem then in use among Masons on the said caricature. The ladder was not made into a Masonic symbol till about forty years after 1742. Now, if the said caricature had been engraved in 1742, and was designed to ridicule the Freemasons, surely something unmistakingly *Masonic* would have formed a prominent part thereon. If the figure with his mouth close to the *beauty spots* had been designed to represent a Freemason, Hogarth would have invested it with some kind of a Masonic insignia. But, as already stated, there is

* Carey was the author of "God Save the King," and of "Sally in our Alley," etc.

nothing on the picture to indicate Masonry; besides which, the Gormagons probably collapsed soon after 1730. There is certainly no mention made of their being advertised after the above year. Why, then, should Hogarth have engraved a Gormagon caricature in 1742? It is my opinion, therefore, that the plate was originally designed as a Gormagon caricature in 1730, or thereabouts; that, after the disappearance of the Gormagons, the plate naturally became dead property; but when a rage was created in 1742 for anti-Masonic caricatures, the inscription under the plate and the poetry were added. In short, this *Musonising* of the Gormagon caricature (if my theory should be right) may in future be numbered among the "tricks in trade." I shall only add that the editors admit that the plate had been tinkered; that in the earlier plate was mentioned the name of Sayers, for whom it was engraved, and in the later copies that name was omitted. The plate seems also to have changed owners, all which tends to strengthen my suspicion that the *Masonisation* of the caricature was an afterthought.

Until I saw the edition of Hogarth before me, I knew of but two anti-Masonic caricatures. One of these was designated as a "Geometrical Procession of the Grand Miserable Masons, as they were drawn up over against the Somerset House, in the Strand, on the 27th of April, 1742. Engraved by A. Benoit." The other (a copy of which can be seen in Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol. ii.,) has the following inscription:—

"The solemn and stately procession of the Scald Miserable Masons, as it was martialled on Tuesday, the 18th of this instant, April."

Mr. Hone remarked that the year when the above plate was published was unascertainable, but certain peculiarities in the mode of printing, etc., led him to suppose that it was printed some years before 1742. I have, however, ascertained that in 1745 the 18th of April was on Thursday, and that on that day the Grand Lodge had its *last* public procession.* The inference thereof is, that the above plate commemorates a procession of the miserable Masons in 1745.

From this edition of Hogarth I learn that the public newspapers noticed some of those processions, and the dates correspond with the dates of the Masonic feasts and processions, as stated in Masonic constitutions. Thus the Masons turned out on the 19th of March, 1741, and the *London Daily Post* of the 20th has the following notice:—

"Yesterday some mock Freemasons marched through Pall Mall and the Strand as far as Temple Bar in procession. First, went fellows on jackasses, with cowhorns in their hands; then a kettle-drummer on a jackass, having two butter firkins for kettle drums. Then followed two carts, drawn by jackasses, having in them the stewards with several badges of their Order. Then came a mourning coach, drawn by six horses, each of a different colour and size, in which were seated the Grand Master and Wardens, the whole attended by a vast mob. They stayed without Temple Bar till the Masons came by, and paid their compliments to them, who returned the same with agreeable humour that possibly disappointed the witty contriver of the mock scene." Again—

"April 28th, 1742. Yesterday being the annual feast of the ancient and honorable society of Freemasons, they made a grand procession—from Brook Street to Haberdasher's Hall—where an elegant entertainment was provided, and the evening was concluded with that harmony and decency peculiar to that society. But some time before the society began their cavalcade a number of shoe blacks, chimney sweeps, etc., on foot and in carts, with ridiculous pageants carried before them, went in procession to Temple Bar by way of jest to the Freemasons, at the expense, as we learn, of one hundred pound sterling, which occasioned a great deal of diversion." And still again—

* In 1747 the G.L. unanimously prohibited public Masonic processions.

"May 3rd, 1744. Yesterday several of the mock Masons were taken up by the constable empowered to impress men for his Majesty's service, and were confined till they can be examined before justices."

The mock procession of 1745 being already demonstrated, it therefore proves the tenacity of Masons in clinging to old nonsensical customs; for no less than four anti-Masonic processions were required in London in order to stop Masonic *processionising*.

Besides the two caricatures, exclusive of Hogarth's, already mentioned, a caricature, designated "The Freemason's Downfall, or the restoration of the Scald Miserables," was published in 1742, price twopence. Another, of the same year, was published by Hurst, Chanse, and Co.; and I believe that still another one is described of the same year. So, we see, that quite a mania was created about that time for anti-Masonic caricatures.

It is only necessary to state that Paul Whitehead, the poet, was believed at the time to have been the chief contriver of the "Scald Miserable" processions. Dr. Carey, surgeon to the Prince of Wales, also took part in an anti-Masonic show, for which Bro. Frederick Prince of Wales dismissed him from his service. I have no doubt the brotherhood were glad of it, and probably more than one Masonic enthusiast told Dr. Carey, "Sarve you right." It is my firm belief, however, that Messrs. Whitehead and Carey deserve the thanks of the English Masons for having been instrumental in abolishing the *nuisance* of Masonic processions; and I believe that if his H.R.H. the present Prince of Wales could witness the *tomfoolery* of Masonic processions in America, that, as Grand Master, he would request the Grand Lodge to have marble statues of Whitehead and Carey placed in the most conspicuous part of Freemasons' Hall, for having weaned the English brethren from public *processioning*.

HONESTY AND TRUTH.

THERE are two things of purest ray
Which should be learned in early youth,
And always fondly cherished—they
Are Honesty and Truth!

These, firmly planted in the heart,
May bid defiance to the wiles
Of soft hypocrisy, whose art
Is treachery in smiles.

Temptation's shafts will harmless fall
Upon the heart that's firm and true;
Seductive Vice in vain will call—
Will nothing hurtful do.

Be honest! Then, though dreary days
Of want should come, and men should blame,
Upon them thou may'st proudly gaze,
Not hide thy head in shame.

Be truthful! Then, whate'er betide,
Thy conscience will be pure and free!
With Truth and Honesty to guide,
Thy life must happy be!

W. CORBETT.

WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE SHAFT.

*With Illustrations by the Author.**(Concluded from page 114.)*

BY BRO. SAMUEL POYNTER, P.M. AND TREASURER, BURGROYNE, NO. 902;
P.M. ATHENÆUM, NO. 1491.

"Nor could thy fabric, Paul! defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise;
Though made immortal by a poet's song,
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

"The daring flames peep'd in and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But, since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire."

—Dryden.—*Annus Mirabilis.*



It is very true that the public demanded a victim, and it might not have been possible, with reference to the excited state of the popular feeling and the safety of the community, to have interposed between the citizens and their self-sacrificing prey: and here it may be convenient to examine whether the cockneys had any just or reasonable ground for the apprehensions which undoubtedly the vast majority of them entertained.

Hubert's story was that he was hired in Holland to come to England on his wicked exploit. Now, we were, as is well known, at war both with Holland and France then, and people always lend ready ears to the tales of the machinations of their enemies. But there is another cir-

cumstance, to which I think historians have not given sufficient prominence, that, to my mind, goes very far in justifying the inhabitants of the metropolitan city in their expressed apprehensions that the calamity was occasioned by design rather than by accident,

I find in the *London Gazette*, "No. 48, from Thursday, April 26, to Monday, April 30, 1666,"—observe, at least four months before the fire—the following singular item of news:—

"At the Sessions in the Old Bailey, John Rathbone an old Army Colonel" (i.e., in the then disbanded Parliamentarian Army, of course), "William Saunders, Henry Tucker, Thomas Flint, Thomas Evans, John Myles, William Wescot, and John Cole, formerly Officers or Soldiers in the late Rebellion, were Indicted for conspiring the Death of His Majesty and the overthrow of the Government; having laid their Plot and Contrivance for the Surprisal of the Tower, the killing his Grace the Lord General" (Monk, Duke of Albermarle) "Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of His Majesties Tower of London and Sir Richard Brown and then to have declared for an equal division of Lands &c. The better to effect this Hellish design THE CITY WAS TO HAVE BEEN FIRED." [These latter Capitals are mine, the italics and the capital initials are reproduced as in the text] "and the Portcullis to have been let down, to keep out all assistance; the Horse-guard to have been surprised in the Inns where they were quartered; several Ostlers having been gained for that purpose. The Tower was accordingly viewed and its surprise ordered by Boats over the Moat and from thence to Scale the Wall. One Alexander, who is not yet taken, had likewise distributed sums of Money to these Conspirators; and for the carrying on of the design more effectually, they were told of a Council of the great ones that sat frequently in London, from whom issued all Orders; which Council received their directions from another in Holland, who sate with the States; and that the third of September was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lillies*" (sic) "Almanack, and a Schemet erected for that purpose to be a lucky day, a Planet then ruling which Prognosticated the downfall of Monarchy. The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they accordingly" (sic) "found guilty of High Treason."

No doubt they were all executed, but it is somewhat singular that the case has escaped the observation not only of the various compilers of the numerous Newgate Calendars extant, but also of the learned and industrious editors of that work I am constantly eulogising, the "State Trials."

It will thus be seen that while, when the disastrous event did at last take place, people generally ascribed it to Roman Catholic intervention, a few months before it had been thought quite possible that disappointed Puritanism could be guilty of such a deed of dire revenge. Thus, both the great religious parties in dissent have been debited with meditating the crime.

But the account is interesting, if even the almost exact identity in date existing between the contemplated device and the event itself, is placed no higher than as a mere coincidence. It will be remembered that the fire actually broke out between one and two in the morning of Sunday, September the 2nd, or, to put it colloquially, on Saturday night, after the business of the day had been transacted and the shop closed. Now, it will have been observed above, that Monday, the 3rd, had been fixed upon by the conspirators for the deed—the 3rd September, a date, of course, sacred to Presbyterian and Independent brooders over reform and the wickedness of the Restoration times. It was the day of the victory of Dunbar, of the "crowning mercy"—as Cromwell called it—of the Worcester fight, and the anniversary on which the great Protector himself had died. I cannot help fancying that Master Lilly's "scheme" was "squared" in more senses than one, and that the date suggested the result rather than that the process produced the date.‡

* The noted Lilly, then in high repute as a Professor of Astrology.

† That is to say, the diagram, on paper, called a House or Scheme, according as it was applied to an individual Nativity or an Enterprize.

‡ The case had not escaped the shrewd eye of common-sense Mr. Samuel Pepys.—See "Diary," under date 13th December, 1666. My view of Lilly's character is amply borne out

A very extraordinary story was told to Bishop Burnet by Dr. Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. According to that prelate, "one Grant, a Papist, had some time before applied himself to him" (Lloyd), "who had great credit with the Countess of Clarendon* (who had a large estate in the New River that is brought from Ware to London), and said he could raise that estate considerably if she would make him a trustee for her. His schemes were probable, and he was made one of the board that governed that matter; and by that he had a right to come as oft as he pleased to view their works at Islington. He went thither the Saturday before the fire broke out and called for the key of the place where the heads of the pipes were, and turned all the cocks that



by the writer of a clever paper on the Great Fire and the charlatan's connection therewith, which appeared in *All the Year Round*, N.S., vol. ii., p. 317 (number for September 4, 1869). This article refers to a private letter only discovered in 1866, or three years before, addressed to Lord Conway in the country by his steward in London, containing some interesting details of the catastrophe, of which epistle I have in this paper freely availed myself

* This was the mother of the notorious "Nan Hyde." She, when a widow, married Edward Hyde, then a struggling barrister, afterwards to become illustrious as the great Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clarendon. Although the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, the Master of the Mint, when the lawyer made her his second wife she was a brewer's widow from, I think, Ampthill in Bedfordshire. At all events, it was somewhere down that way, and her first husband's investments in real property might very reasonably be supposed to

were then open and stopped the water, and went away and carried the keys with him. So when the fire broke out next morning, they opened the pipes in the streets to find water, but there was none. And some hours were lost in sending to Islington, where the door was to be broken open, and the cocks turned; and it was long before the water got to London. Grant, indeed, denied that he had turned the cocks. But the officer of the works affirmed that he had, according to order, set them all a-running, and that no person had got the keys from him besides Grant, who confessed he had carried away the keys, but pretended he did it without design."

On the other hand, it is but fair to state that it was asserted afterwards, when Burnet's history was published, that Grant was not elected a Director of the New River Company until after the date of the fire, and could not therefore have had the control he was alleged to have possessed.

But there is one very funny illustration of the social customs of our forefathers supplied in the introduction to this story. We are told, anent the *modus operandi* of Sir Hugh Myddleton's scheme, that "the constant order of that matter was to set all the pipes a-running on Saturday night, that so the cisterns might be all full by Sunday morning, *there being more than ordinary consumption of water on that day.*" Evidently hebdomadal lustration was sufficient for Carlovian cockneys. The institution of matutinal tubbing as then was not. "Clean in my person? I should think I am," said the sweep. "Why, I washes all hover reg'larly once a week."

Graven deeply on the base of the shaft, in the fever-heat of the public mind at the time of the Popish Plot, general opinion recorded that not accident, but diabolical design, destroyed the wonderful city. Chipped out by Roman Catholic chisels in the following reign, the legend disappeared to reappear under William, our Dutch deliverer. Thirty years afterwards the little crook-backed Catholic poet denounced the tradition as a calumny in the couplet I last month quoted as a text. Yet it remained for a hundred years after that, until the cession of Roman Catholic emancipation, about fifty years ago, led the Corporation of London to perceive that the perpetuation of an unproved accusation was anachronistic bigotry, and so the indented libel was obliterated, let us hope for ever.

I purposely use the word libel, for I hold that even if it should ever be proved that the great fire of London was the result of design, *there is yet a much longer step to be taken before we can fasten the crime upon any religious party.* At present, so far as available evidence goes, the sect then in disfavour—the Puritans—seem implicated in a graver degree than their polemical opponents of the ancient faith. It does not follow, however—even excluding the hypothesis of accident—admitting design—that theological motives had anything at all to do with the catastrophe. Burnet, very hesitatingly, admits that there was a belief prevalent in his time that the fire was the result of a belligerent retaliatory blow: "That which is still a great secret is whether it" (*i.e.*, the fire) "was casual or raised on design. The English Fleet had landed on the Vly, an island lying near the Texell" (*sic*), "and had burnt it; upon which some came to De Witt,* and offered a revenge, that, if they were assisted, they would set London on fire." The candid bishop, however, acquits the Hollander, for he goes on to say, "He" (*i.e.*, the Dutch Prime Minister) "rejected the proposition, for, he said, he would not make the breach wider nor the quarrel

have been on the line of the New River from Ware to Clerkenwell. She brought the lawyer a good and much-needed fortune, but it would appear from the above story that some part of it was—certainly her New River shares were—strictly settled on herself. Of course it is a matter of common knowledge that this fair New River shareholder, the brewer's relict, became grandmother to two ladies who were afterwards—one as Consort, and the other as Regnant—Queens of the United Kingdom.

* See an allusion to the subsequent fate of this eminent statesman in "Trying to Change a Sovereign," *Masonic Magazine*, vol. vii., No. 73 (July, 1879), p. 22.

irreconcilable. . . . He made no further reflections on the matter till the City was burnt. Then he began to suspect that there had been a design, and that they had intended to draw him into it, and to lay the odium of it upon the Dutch. But he could hear no news of those who had sent that proposition to him.* There is, a little later on, a still more interesting passage, although it probably bears traces of the exhibition of warmth of feeling evoked at the time of the Popish Plot: "Tillotson, who believed that the City was burnt on design, told me a circumstance that made the Papists employing a crazed man" (it will be remembered that Hubert, who was executed, was in all probability insane) "in such a service more credible. Langhorn the Popish Councillor-at-Law, who for many years passed as a Protestant,† was despatching a half-witted man to manage elections in Kent before the Restoration. Tillotson being present, and observing what a sort of man he was, asked Langhorn how he could employ him in such services. Langhorn answered it was a maxim with him in dangerous services to employ none but half-witted men, if they could be but secret and obey orders; for if they should change their minds and turn informers instead of agents, it would be easy to discredit them, and to carry off the weight of any discoveries they could make by shewing they were madmen, and so not likely to be trusted in critical things."‡ No one who knows me can charge me with lack of reverence for, much less with want of tenderness in dealing with, the former standard faith of my beloved country. As Mr. Morley says of Edmund Burke,§ I never have, I trust I never shall, lose "a large and generous way of thinking about the more ancient creed," but I am bound in candour to admit that principles and practice like those of Mr. Langhorn, whether existent in fact or popularly believed to be adopted by members of the Roman Catholic Communion, without due enquiry made, will go a great way to account for, if not to justify, the distrust Protestants felt towards them during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It will be noticed that Burnet dismisses without a word the indubitable fact that the mad (supposed) agent Hubert did not appear upon the scene until the flames had been spreading for three whole days and nights.

Of the fire itself there is little more to be said. Everybody knows how it raged until the night of Wednesday, the 5th of September, and then stopped suddenly—not (at that point at all events) arrested by artificial measures—at Pie Corner, near Smithfield, thus having ravaged Old London from the South-East to the North-West. One Puritan preacher founded on the fact of the localities of the commencement and conclusion of the conflagration a punning argument that the disaster had been brought upon the city by a too general indulgence in the vice of gluttony since the Restoration. Said he—from a Nonconforming pulpit—"the calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of blasphemy, for in that case it would have begun at Billingsgate" (even then, it appears, a locality notorious for good fish and bad language); "nor lewdness, for then Drury Lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for then the flames had reached them from Westminster Hall" (rough on the lawyers, this); "no, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony, for it began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner."

While the termination of the shadow of the shaft is said, as I have before observed, to denote at a certain hour of the day the site where this terrible episode in our Metropolitan chronicles began, the spot where it at length

* Burnet's History of His own Time.

‡ Ibid.

† Such deception seems to have been not unfashionable. The learned gentleman had illustrious examples for his dissimulation. His Majesty—although indubitably a Roman Catholic—passed for a member of the Church of England to his dying day; Majesty's brother, H.R.H. the Duke of York, an even more bigoted member of the Church of Rome, was content to be taken for a sincere Protestant for the greater part of his life.

§ "English Men of Letters." Edited by John Morley. Burke, by the Editor (London: Macmillan and Co., 1879), p. 4.

happily terminated is not without a memento. Over against the wall of the "Fortune of War" public-house, at the corner of Cock Lane, West Smithfield, stands the nude figure of a very fat boy, supposed to emblematised the grossness of the peculiar sin the Nonconformist divine in his sermon associated with the event, with an inscription giving the respective dates. Formerly this interesting youth was represented with a scroll depicted running across his protuberant epigastrium, bearing the legend "This Boy is in Memory Put up for the late Fire of London, Occasioned by the Sin of Gluttony, 1666." This inscription has, however, long since been effaced. Pie Corner is at the Giltspur Street end of the notorious Cock Lane, where the first spiritualistic or rapping *séance*, a hundred years ago, imposed upon the superstitious credulity of the great Samuel Johnson. The name Cock Lane induces me to doubt whether, notwithstanding the worthy divine's theory, the title Pie Corner has anything whatever to do with gastronomy. I am inclined to think that it is an euphuistic corruption of Pyx Corner. "By Cock and Pie" was a well-known euphuism in ancient times of an awful oath by the Sacred Host—the body of God, and the Holy Vessel* in which it was carried to the bedside of the moribund. In our own day such compromising substitutes as "Hang it," "Damn it," "Blooming," etc., etc., are frequently used in place of expletives more profane or in a greater degree disgusting.† I incline therefore to think that the terms Cock Lane and Pie Corner have an ecclesiastical origin, not perhaps altogether unconnected with the adjacent church of St. Sepulchre or the extensive and neighbouring foundation of St. Bartholomew. Defoe, in his History of the Plague, mentions a tavern with the sign of the Pye "over against the end of Houndsditch." This hostelry, however, did not profess by its title any allusion to a culinary preparation. A pye—a bird—was the ensign; but I am inclined to attribute even this instance to a sacred origin, become in course of time corrupted and forgotten. It is well known that in Roman Catholic times in England (as now on the continent) religious emblems were frequently employed to denote commercial establishments. Our Pye Corner, which, it will be observed, has nothing to do with the sign of the tavern there situate, had, at all events, become known by its present title as early as Shakespeare's time, for the readers of our great poet will remember that Dame Quickly indicates it as a resort of that "ossy" and impecunious warrior, Colonel Sir John Falstaff. "He comes continually" (*sic*) "to Pie Corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle." I am sure I don't know why the good lady thinks it necessary to employ an apologetic tone; but, at all events, such is the information she furnishes to the catchpolls when she desires to have her gallant debtor "run in."

It was long a theory that the conduct of the King during the tremendous five days was analogous to that of Nero on a similar occasion, and Evelyn has given some little countenance to the belief. On the whole, however, this view does not seem to be well founded. Both Charles and his royal brother appear to have acted with zeal, judgment, and vigour, and so far to have justified the perpetuation of their effigies in high relief on the pedestal of the column. But Old Rowley and James of York "wore their rue with a difference." While it seems certain that the former was appallingly impressed by the magnitude of the disaster that had befallen his capital, the latter, we are told, in the midst of his exertions displayed a considerable amount of levity and flippancy. "The citizens were not well satisfied with the Duke's behaviour; they thought he looked too gay and too little concerned."‡ Such is the testimony of a

* Remember poor red-nosed Bardolph's fate in the French campaign that culminated so brilliantly at Agincourt:

"For he has stolen a pyx, and hanged must 'a be."—*Henry V.*, act iii., sc. 2.

† Since writing the above, this subject has been exhaustively treated in a series of correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*, under the title "Popular Ways and Words."

‡ Burne's History of His own Time.

contemporary chronicler, a bitter personal opponent it is true; but then, he was the opponent of a man who we all know could look on with composure, if not with curiosity and enjoyment, while his fellow man's legs were being crushed with wedges driven in by powerful mallets between the flesh and the steel boots in which the sufferer's limbs were encased. Charles seems to have taken some care that the fugitives from the fire shouldn't starve, at all events. He ordered a supply of seamen's biscuits to be sent to them in the suburban fields from the stores at Chatham, but the poor famishing creatures rejected them, according to Mr. Pepys, which, from what we gather of the composition of these comestibles in a later generation, from the works of Smollett and Fielding, was perhaps not much to be wondered at. One Mr. Valentine Knight was laid by the heels "for having presumed to publish in print certain Propositions for the rebuilding of the City of London with considerable advantages to His Majesties revenue by it" (what these advantages were to be nowhere appears), "as if His Majesty would draw a benefit to himself from so Publick a Calamity of his people, of which His Majesty is known to have so deep a sence" (*sic*) "as that he is pleased to seek, rather by all means to give them ease under it."* This affected indignation is indescribably comic. Fancy Old Rowley, in his chronic state of impecuniosity, rejecting "considerable advantages to His Majesties revenue!"

All know how the "*Resurgam*" prophesy was aided in its splendid fulfilment by the transcendent abilities of our Grand Master, Sir Christopher Wren; but I have often thought that the magnificently eloquent exhortation, inscribed in letters of gold, appropriate to its simple, yet grandly impressive, dignity, over the inner door of the northern porch of the great architect's masterpiece, "*Lector, Si Monumentum requiris, Circumspice!*" is too generally limited in its application to the superb pile containing the designer's tomb. As I read it I feel enjoined to look around, piercing with the eye of imagination and memory the splendid walls encompassing me about, and beholding the true monument of the mighty Craftsman in the forest of spires and towers with which his genius, during a score of years, enriched and adorned his beloved Augusta, whom, Phoenix-like, he lived to behold arise in new beauty from the ashes of dread 1666.

Two or three scraps relating to the fire remain to be gathered up, one not without a trace of the humorous. The poor feeble Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Bludworth, who hesitated to blow up houses in order to arrest the progress of the flames, was borne in countenance by those barristers of the Inner Temple who remained in town—very few, of course, for it was about the middle of the long vacation—who declined to invade the rooms of their absent learned brethren, and endeavour to save a lawyer's tools—his books—because an unauthorised entrance into a man's tenement was a trespass, and exposed the intruder to an action *quare clausum fregit!* Resolute James of York was undeterred by any such scruples when he exploded his powder barrels in the cellars of the houses that stood between the advancing flames and the palace of the Queen Dowager, at Somerset House, in the Strand.

It is probably not so generally known or remembered as it ought to be that Wren's broad design for rebuilding the city was of an enlightened and even grand character. An idea of its general outlines may be obtained by remembering that New Cannon, Victoria, Moorgate, and King William streets, the Thames Embankment, and the Holborn Viaduct—great public improvements effected in our own time—were all essentially parts of Sir Christopher's scheme, propounded two hundred years before, and declined to be adopted by the bigoted citizens with a *non possumus*, based upon an ignorant resolution—*Stare super vias antiquas*. But one innovation—in the shape of the introduction of a new form of commercial enterprise—*did* find favour with the inhabitants

* *London Gazette*, No. 91, from Thursday, Sept. 27, to Monday, Oct. 1, 1666.

of the restored metropolis. The great, convenient, profitable, and increasing system of Fire Insurance undoubtedly owed its adoption by, if not its origin in, this country to the great conflagration of 1666, when Charles and James enacted the parts of amateur firemen—a rôle I think royalty has sometimes subsequently not disdained to assume.

As for you, illustrious brothers, without the slightest respect or reluctance, I now bid you farewell. I never look upon you in your preposterous Roman habits, cuddling each other on the base of the shaft,* but I am reminded of the old story of the refined Lord Mayor's polished Greek toast. It was about the time the brothers Adams constructed the buildings on the site of the scene of poor Lady Jane Grey's brief triumph, Durham House, in the Strand. It was the day of new streets and fashionable piazzas. For a century after the "great upheaval," that demon the "speculative builder"—only he wasn't so bad then as he is now—worked his own sweet will with cinereous Augusta's "eligible site," and bran new thoroughfares opened out in all directions. Finsbury, Fitzroy, Grafton, Bloomsbury Squares, all appeared to spring from the ground at once. Well, old Farmer George's two brothers—the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester—dined at the Mansion House, and their host, to evince himself a man of letters, elegantly toasted the royal pair as "the Adelphei." An outraged, but illiterate, Alderman present started up and roared out, "Oh, I say, come; the West End aint agoin' to crow over the City in this here way. If you tostes the new streets, why—HERE'S FINSBURY SQUARE!"



THE ADELPHI.

* The tail piece is a fancy sketch, and of course has not been even suggested by the alto-relievo, as seen from the bottom of Arthur Street, and alluded to in the text.

THE GOLDEN WREATH.

I STOOD at the tomb, in the Invalides,
 Of the great Emperor past and gone ;
 Two giants in marble guard the gate—
 There, in Death's sleep, rests the mighty one.

Golden and purple, the light streams in
 From the painted windows on either side ;
 'Neath the dome, in the great sarcophagus,
 Lies England's enemy, in his pride.

Far away, in a sea-girt isle
 Named after an empress and English saint,
 No longer feared, as an exile died ;
 Ah ! who could, with truth, his thralldom paint ?

All Europe had trembled at his frown,
 At his nod the nations had ceased to be ;
 King and Kaiser he had cast down—
 They sued for mercy on bended knee.

For all the glories of modern France
 Had come through him, and her place was high ;
 With Buonaparte she had lived by the sword,
 And with the sword she was like to die.

They brought him back to the land he loved,
 And laid him low with the pomp of war ;
 They reared a noble sepulchre,
 And followed, in crowds, his funeral car.

Another Napoleon lived and died,
 The glory of France had waxed and waned ;
 The cannon had sounded at her gates ;
 Her very life's blood from her was drained.

Fickle and faithless she had been,
 For she drove her Emperor from his throne ;
 And the faithful friend in exile here,
 All courtesy was by England shown.

Three mournful years, and then he went
 The way we must all go, soon or late ;
 But he left his beautiful wife and child :
 " All things come unto those that wait."

And the young Prince grew to manhood's prime,
 Sighing for glory and great renown ;
 Making his study the art of war,
 Waiting for his Imperial crown.

The home of the exile—England's isle,
 Was as the City of Refuge sure ;
 But he came of a race of warriors,
 And he longed for the fame which should endure.

And when Isandula's fateful fight
Struck the nation with great dismay,
He, like to a true chivalric knight,
Offered his sword in the light of day.

The heir of the greatest of England's foes,
The son of a faithful and firm ally,
Was not ashamed, in his gratitude,
To arm for her, and fight manfully.

And the young Prince went to that distant land,
No man in England should say him nay ;
And the sorrowful mother he left behind,
To plead for his safety, and watch and pray.

But the swarthy savage in ambush lay,
And pierced him through with his dreadful dart,
So he died from the wounds of the assegai,
And with sorrow was smitten England's heart.

They gave him a stately funeral,
By English Princes his pall was borne ;
The Queen, with her loving sympathy
Consoled the mother, now so forlorn.

As the grand procession moved away,
With mitre and cross, and pomp of war,
All on that sunless summer day,
With the thousands that came from near and far.

With the clank and glitter of shining steel,
Even the skies began to weep ;
We mourned for the mother, yet she could feel
" He giveth his beloved sleep."

And the Queen we love, with her own fair hand,
Laid a golden wreath on his bier that day ;
" Poor boy," she said, as she placed it there,
" Here's a crown that no one shall take away."

Mysterious are the ways of God,
Nevermore cometh now songs nor laughter ;
" What I do thou knowest not now ;
" But thou shalt know," saith He, " hereafter."*

Oh ! childless mother ; oh ! Empress fair,
Narrow the road, but the way is straight ;
Thy son and thou shalt have crowns in heaven ;
" All things come unto those that wait."

EMMA HOLMES.

* Cardinal Manning, preaching the funeral sermon, took for his text the words quoted.

A VISIT TO THE ENGLISH LAKES.

WE have just taken tickets for one of Cook's circular tours in the Lakes, after having spent a few very enjoyable days on the Yorkshire Moors. It is their tour No. 12, and the route is as follows:—From Leeds to Skipton, thence to Clapham (for the caves), Grange-over-Sands, Lake Side, up Windermere Lake to Bowness and Ambleside; coach *via* Grasmere, Dunmail Raise to Keswick, rail to Troutbeck, coach to Ullswater (Patterdale), coach *via* Brother's Water and Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside, returning *via* Windermere Lake to Ulverston, Carnforth, and Leeds, or *vice versa*. We intend to go to them in the order mentioned; and ours is the delight of those who have never seen the Lakes before. The train starts immediately, and we bid "Good-bye" with merry hearts ready for anything. What a blessed institution Cook's tickets are! A little book, and the whole of your plans are arranged and your troubles over. We tear joyously away from smoky crowded Leeds. A bright, cheery morning it is, too, and seems to augur well for the rest of our journey. We travel along the

———"Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tintured web,"

when we come across that neat little town, "renowned Saltaire," with its immense factory, founded by the late lamented Sir Titus Salt.

"Sequestered in this lovely dale,
Here Art and Wealth at length prevail."

On—on we speed, with the moors on both sides of us, and the purple heather looks quite dazzling in the morning sun. Soon, however, they assume a more imposing height, and the majestic forms of Pennygant and Ingleborough, with their surrounding fells, come into sight,—

"By lofty hills bounded, and furze-covered moors."

It is here, at the foot of Ingleborough, we purpose breaking our journey, to visit the Clapham Caves. The way lies through the pretty and tastefully laid out grounds of Ingleborough Hall, belonging to Mr. Farrar; they are of park-like extent, with a good-sized lake in the centre. We, at last, find the cave, with its peculiar opening, after wandering about for two hours. It differs from those in Derbyshire in having a flat roof; and the stalactites and stalagmites are in great abundance, though not very pretty. The cave is divided into two parts, the old and the new, according as they were discovered; the stalactites, etc., in the former are brown, and in the latter white. Through the whole cave runs a small stream, collecting in rather dangerous pools here and there; it swarms with white rats and fresh-water crustacea. Our guide names the several parts as we proceed. The "Vestibule" or "Eldon Hall," "Pillar Hall," "Abyss," "Jockey's Cap" (a stalagmite supposed to have taken 265 years to grow), "Belfry," "Giant's Hall," and "Church Bells," a series of stalactitic formations from which he produces a weird effect by tapping them with a stick: they give out a musical sound not unlike church bells in the distance. Our visit over, we trace our steps back to the village, and get some tea. My companion, in his usual easy-going manner, causes us to miss the last train for Ambleside; so, with many stoppages, we only get as far as Grange. The journey there is rather novel, travelling with the sea on both sides of us for miles. Grange is picturesquely situated on a richly-wooded slope of Yewbarrow, and commands an entire view of Morecambe Bay. The houses rise neatly one above another in tiers, framed in the foliage of the trees.

It is now dark, and nothing is heard but the murmur of "the sad sea waves," as we seek our needful rest. In the morning we leave by the early train for Lake Side—

"Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake,"

where we embark on the snug little steamer, which bears us on

"The bosom of the steady lake."

The scenery gets more and more beautiful as we advance inland, and

———"the bed of Windermere,
Like a vast river, stretches in the sun."

The steamer is crowded, and the weather is grand, so we see the views to the best advantage; they are really superb. The silver lake, bordered by the emerald and purple mountains, and dotted here and there with beautiful islands, ever changing, impresses us with a most favourable idea of the country. We call at the Ferry, with its inn shaded by tall trees; then pass Belle Isle (the largest) with its mansion—

"A Grecian temple rising from the deep,"

and remarkable in history as the residence of "Robin the Devil." We next call at Bowness, a famous place for boats and fishing. On the left we get a glimpse of Wray Castle. We call at Lowwood, possessing a large modern hotel, and peep at "Dove's Nest," once the residence of Mrs. Hemans; then leave "silver-sounding Windermere,"

———"with all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst evening clouds,"

and reach "white-walled Ambleside," where we soon find lodgings, though the place is very crowded. After refreshing the inner man, we walk towards Rydal, the home of the poet.

"Our pathway leads us on to Rotha's banks,"

a tributary of the Brathay, a few yards above Windermere—

"Lovelier river is there none
Underneath an English sun;
While its lucid waters take
Their pastoral course from lake to lake,
Till into Windermere sedate
They flow, and uncontaminate."

Nature has put on her brightest garment, and "freshly wave the woods of Rydal;" ferns grow in abundance by the road side, and the trees form a cool shade to walk under. We pass the little village of Rydal, with its chapel—

"Lifting her front with modest grace,
To make a fair recess more fair,"

endowed by Lady le Fleming. We now saunter on to where

———"the mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless; and to the gazer's eye,
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and ureal sky."

It is a little beauty; studded with green islands, it looks like a gem set in the mountains. "Here," says Mason, "Nature has performed everything in little which she usually executes on her larger scale, and on that account, like the

miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner." Sitting on the veritable "Poet's Seat," a mound of rock overlooking the lake, we gaze our fill; a small boat ripples the water and breaks the reflection, the blue sky setting off the green mountains to perfection. We resume our way until

———"the steep
Of Silver How, and Grasmere's placid lake,
And one green island, gleam between the stems
Of the dark firs, a visionary scene."

To-day is a busy one; the Grasmere annual sports are being observed, consisting of wrestling and running feats, etc., which, however, we did not come to the lakes to see, so take a boat on the "peaceful Grasmere," which is rather larger, but not quite so pretty as Rydal. As we gently glide along, we can say, with Mrs. Hemans:—

———"the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seemed to float
On golden clouds from spirit lands remote."

A short pull brings us to the "one green island," on which we land, and on which the Prince of Wales has sported; there is an outhouse built on it, with a poem of Wordsworth's written on one of its stones, beginning, "Rude is this edifice," etc. Here we can fully appreciate the words of James Payne:—

"O lake most fair, set round with mountain guards,
Sweet birds, swift streams, eternal waterfall,
Crag lichen, and wild vale flowers."

After our pleasant survey of the lake we repair to the old parish church, with its grey tower dedicated to St. Oswald.

"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massive—for duration built,
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters, intricately crossed,
Like leafless under-boughs, mid some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above."

A pretty little cottage behind it, in "the little nook of mountain ground," called Allan Bank, was inhabited for some years by Wordsworth. We enter the church, and are struck with its simple appearance. On one of the inner walls is a medallion portrait of the poet, with an appropriate inscription. Coming out, we are in the burial-ground, described by Professor Wilson as—

———"a little churchyard on the side
Of a low hill that hangs o'er Grasmere Lake,
Most beautiful it is—a vernal spot
Enclosed with wooded rocks, where a few graves
Lie sheltered, sleeping in eternal calm."

Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," also says:—

"Green is the churchyard, beautiful and green,
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridge,
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
And everlasting flowers."

In a quiet corner, sheltered by a yew-tree raised by himself, and surrounded by the graves of his family, is

———"the tomb
Of the great poet of simplicity."

Behind is that of Hartley Coleridge, and, a few yards further, a slab to the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough, a college friend of the present "Poet Laureate." At the other end of the churchyard is buried Wordsworth's faith-

ful servant. We cannot resist plucking a leaf from the red-berried yew over Wordsworth's grave, as a memento of the hallowed spot. Coming back, we take the higher road past "the rustic wishing-gate," from whence there is a beautiful view of Grasmere. We

———"stoop before the favoured scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the wishing-gate."

We soon reach our lodgings again, very well satisfied with our afternoon's ramble, and the sound of Stock Gill Force, as it dashes close to our bedroom, does not prevent our going to sleep. In the morning we wake soon after five, and prepare to ascend Sca Fell; the weather does not look very favourable, but we are bent on going. We take the road by the New Church, in which is a memorial window to Wordsworth, and pass the little village of Clappersgate, with the "often varied voice" of the Brathay singing on our left. Soon the lakelet Elterwater comes in sight, with its rustic village and Elter Hall above it. On our right we have Loughrigg—a rugged "beautiful piece of upland"—with the tarns at its base, "whose banks in unprofaned nature sleep." Wordsworth likens it to Lake Nemi, or Speculum Dianæ, overlooked by Mount Calvo. We are now in "Little Langdale fair to see," with Silver How, Wansfell, Langdale Pikes, Pike o' Stickle, Lingmell Fell, and many other mountains, all towering above us. It commences to rain, and umbrellas are found useful. We cut our names in the rocks as a sort of pastime, and, strange to say, they are seen by two of our Hull friends who unexpectedly catch up to us—quite a pleasant *rencontre*. The valley now narrows considerably, and nothing is to be seen above but mist and clouds; meanwhile it pours with rain. We ascend the Stake Pass through the long grass, getting drenched with the rain. On reaching the summit, of about two thousand feet elevation, we wade through a sort of marsh, enveloped in the clouds. Soon we gain Longstrath beck, where we leave our friends on the way to Keswick. We lunch under difficulties, and then retrace our steps, as it would be worse than useless to attempt the ascent of Sca Fell, all the mountains having put on their "caps." Going back we meet two Londoners, and by the aid of our invaluable "Jenkinson" we set them on the right path for Wastdale Head. A sloppy walk brings us to Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, and we ascend the mountain and see the fall. It is a very pretty one in a dark narrow cleft, ninety feet high, but with very little water. A natural bridge is formed of two stones wedged in at the top, over which we cross, as Wordsworth loved to do.

"Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fall'n and makes a bridge of rock.
The gulf is deep below,
And in a basin, black and small,
Receives a lofty waterfall."

We cannot help mentioning also the weird legend of Coleridge's:—

"In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon Ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air,
Three sinful sextons' ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother;
And oft, too, by their knell offended,
Just as their one! two! three! is ended,
The devil mocks their doleful tale
With a merry peal for Borrodale."

Leaving "Dungeon Ghyll the gloomy," we meet two Richmond fellows, who are agreeable companions back to Ambleside, where we arrive about half-past six in the evening, having been out twelve hours. After a substantial tea we

indulge in a game of "nap" with the two other visitors, and inscribe our names and opinions in the never-failing visitors' book. In the morning we get up *too late for the ten o'clock coach!* But we hardly regret having to stay a little longer at Ambleside, and visit the Mechanics' Institute, and look at the papers; then we go to Stock Gill Force, a very fine double waterfall, about seventy feet high, and rather full of water. The grounds, into which three-pence entrance is demanded, are tastefully laid out with ferns and a few rustic seats. Dinner over, we purpose seeing "fair Rydal Mount," a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy, before leaving, and take the nearest road to it.

"Low and white yet scarcely seen,
Are its walls of mantling green;
Not a window lets in light
But through flowers clustering bright;
Not a glance may wander there
But it falls on something fair."

Wordsworth makes the beautiful fall the subject of a poem:—

"While thick above the rill the branches close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose.
Inverted shrubs, and moss, and gloomy green,
Cling from the rock with pale wood-weeds between;
Save that aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
On wither'd briars, that o'er the crags recline;
Sole light admitted there, a small cascade
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade."

We reluctantly leave the sylvan scene after feasting our eyes on it, and catch the afternoon coach for Keswick. A polite and intelligent Austrian seated with us is delighted with the scenery, which he describes as "too beautiful," and praises the lakes beyond anything he has seen, the Rhine included. One of the company treats us to a little amateur horn blowing. "A second time in Grasmere's happy vale," we gain fresh views from the coach of Coleridge's house, Rydal, and Grasmere, "which meets our last lingering look with farewell gleam," as we pass the celebrated Swan Inn. We now see Helm Crag for the first time, with its "strange fantastic summit, round yet jagged and splintered," resembling "a lion and a lamb," or, according to Wordsworth:—

"The astrologer, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,
Puzzling on high his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ancient woman,
Cowering beside her rifted cell
As if intent on magic spell;
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm Crag together."

Others say these "gaunt, shapeless things" resemble "a mass of antediluvian ruins," or "some gigantic building demolished," and "a number of stones jumbled together after the manner of the Druids." We leave "The ancient woman seated on Helm Crag," and make the pass of Dummial Raise, with a cairn forming the boundary between Westmoreland and Cumberland. Steel Fell looms over us on our left, and Seat Sandal on our right. This cairn is said to have been formed in 945 by the Anglo-Saxon king Edmund, to commemorate the defeat of Dummial, the last king of Cumbria. Tradition says that Edmund put out the eyes of the son before his father, and then put them both to death.

(To be continued.)

THE CURATE'S LAY.

From the Graphic.

THE DREAM.

AT College, ere I came down here and took this Curacy,
 Imagination painted fair the Cleric's life to me ;
 And people used to tell me, and I read of it in books,
 How my happiness depended not upon my mind, or looks,
 For every one viewed kindly, and all the world would dote
 On the man who donned the snow-white tie and wore the long black coat ;
 And they'd talk of widows largely-dowered, and maidens fancy free,
 And the slippers these fair devotees would love to make for me,
 With under-vests, and worsted things they make and sell at fairs,
 I don't know what you call them, but you hang them over chairs.
 Now I know that they were laughing and sneering all the time,
 As we laugh at the Policeman in the Christmas Pantomime.
 For, oh ! my friends (pray do not start, I am not going to preach),
 How weary are the lessons which experience can teach :
 And listen while I try to tell my disappointment sore
 In the cruel stern *reality* (of) those pleasant dreams of yore.

THE REALITY.

'Tis true that in my lodgings I am comfortably off,
 But then there are two babies, and they have the whooping-cough ;
 They have also *had* the measles ; and folks say these " little dears"
 (I do not *always* call them thus) go on like this for years !
 And it isn't pleasant, when I'm tired, and want to go to sleep,
 To lie awake through half the night, and hear those babies weep ;
 Nor am I *happy* when the weather isn't over dry,
 And I sit indoors and try to read, while the children cough and cry.
 When I want a pair of slippers, I walk off to the town
 And buy a pair of shiny ones. The man says, " Reach me down
 Those ones upon the topmost shelf ; they're marked at two-and-three ;
 They're very cheap and lasting, sir ; they'll suit you to a T."
 And when I have a fearful cold, or hoarseness in the throat,
 I get no box of lozenges, no little pinky note ;
 But I put my feet in mustard, with a hot towel round my head,
 And I drink a cup of gruel before I go to bed.
 Though there are many widows here, and maidens fair abound,
 That they have any care for *me* is more than *I* have found ;
 Yet rude men laugh and say, " Sly dog," and slap me on the back ;
 And ask me, " What's the price I ask for slippers by the sack ?"
 And they wink their eyes, and poke my ribs, and talk of pretty girls,
 And wonder if I like them with their hair smooth, or in curls.
 My character is changing fast, as disappointment sours,
 In solitary wretchedness I pass my evening hours ;
 And if this goes on much longer, I must take sea-chaplain's pay
 " For it isn't what I looked for," as the man says in the play.

E. R. G.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDELL,

Author of "Shakspere, his Times and Contemporaries," "The Bards and Authors of Cleveland and South Durham," "The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage," "The Visitor's Handbook to Redcar, Coatham, and Saltburn-by-the-Sea," "The History of the Stockton and Darlington Railway," &c., &c.

AMONG the many true poets to whom Lancashire has undoubtedly given birth—would that one could always add a comfortable subsistence—the name of John Critchley Prince stands conspicuous. He is, most assuredly, a Prince among modern Poets; and time will not tarnish, but brighten his coronet. His biography, more than that of my acquaintances generally, is truly "a romance of real life;" and his poems—sweet and vigorous, and ever full of sterling stuff—are among the rich treasures of our English literature. Though never initiated among us into the mysteries of our dear Craft, yet his writings abound with those noble sentiments which are the very soul of Freemasonry. Thirteen years have now elapsed since the conqueror, Death, wrested the lyre from the poet's grasp, yet, strange to say, without any serious action being taken to collect and preserve his excellent literary productions, or even without any outcry being made by the people, for whom he sang, for the thing to be done. The fact is, that the few years of unexampled commercial prosperity—which any sound thinker knew was too inflated to last long—did much to demoralise all classes of the people: the ignorant workman wasting his wages, and traders and manufacturers of all grades seeking to amass large fortunes, not by a life of careful industry, but in fewer years than it would take to ripen a newly-born daughter into Miss-in-her-teens. And, for this, among other of our national sins against prudence, we are now righteously punished. We have been too devout worshippers of Mammon to have either time or inclination to think of poets or poetry. We shall be wiser by-and-bye. In the meantime the numerous lovers of poor Prince's writings will be glad to learn that there is now preparing for the press a collected edition of his poems, edited, with a new memoir of the poet, by our gifted brother, Dr. R. A. Douglas Lithgow, F.R.S.L., himself a brother bard of some promise, as the readers of the *Masonic Magazine* are by this time aware. "Prince," as our literary Brother well observes in his prospectus, "belongs to the class of Artizan Poets, and few men have added more nobly to the Literature of Labour; yet there is no strain of 'class' in his compositions, and the perfect melody of his verse is as remarkable as its intellectual quality. He had, in a marked measure, the gift of song, which dignifies even the meanest topics, and throws a halo of beauty over the sternest scenes. There is a healthy tone pervading them which strongly contrasts with the meretricious display of some who were more happily placed than Prince. Of no man could it be more truly said that 'he learned in suffering what he taught in song.' His poetry is the genuine reflex of an ardent and emotional nature, and mirrors alike the brief joys, the many sorrows, and the keen remorse which made up his life." Bro. Lithgow's *Life of Prince*, for which he has been diligently collecting for some time, is to form one volume, and the *Poems* two volumes. The price to subscribers being only fifteen shillings for the three volumes, and the edition limited to a thousand copies, the whole ought at once to be bespoken. Prince is one of those true poets whose works never die; and, as one of his friends and admirers whilst he was "in the flesh," I rejoice that he has now fallen into the hands of so competent and sympathising an editor as our good brother.

It was on the 29th of September, 1513, that Vasco Nunez de Balboa discovered the South Sea, to which Magelhaens, eight years later, gave the name of the Pacific Ocean, on account of the calm weather that he found there; and we find Drake, the "sing"-er of the Spaniards' beards, the first Englishman to reach its shores, when the future poet for all time, William Shakspeare, was a lad of nine years, romping among the wild flowers of Welcombe, and in the quiet streets of Stratford-on-Avon. From that time to our own day, various proposals have been made to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, so as to connect the two oceans of the Atlantic and the Pacific, and so shorten the sea route. M. de Lesseps, whose persevering ingenuity accomplished the Suez Canal a few years ago, is now organising a scheme to carry out the dream of more than three centuries and a half; so slow is the march of Progress. Forty-seven miles of land only separate the two oceans where the railway, opened throughout for traffic January 28th, 1855, now runs. The *Scientific American*, however, is reviving a plan published in its columns thirty-four years ago as quite practical and less expensive than the canal, which is to haul the laden vessels from sea to sea across the Isthmus on a ship railway. The late Horace Day, Captain Eads, and several eminent engineers have long been convinced of the practicability and economy of the ship railway, which they have asserted could be constructed at one-third of the cost of the canal, capable of conveying the largest vessel, with its crew and cargo, from the moment it is taken charge of in one sea to its safe delivery in the other, in twenty-four hours. Verily, if all nations would agree to spend the money, mental ability, and physical strength, now worse than wasted in war, over developing the arts of peace, and so truly civilising the world, what a paradise we could soon make of it. Every grand idea is but a day-dream until reduced to practice.

Whilst the French are contemplating admitting the cooling waters of the Mediterranean Ocean into a large, low-lying, arid tract of land in the north-western part of Africa, so as to render Algeria both more commercially valuable and healthy, our American cousins, whose energy is indomitable, are contemplating the cutting of a short canal to convey the waters of the Pacific into an ancient sea-bed, now a dry desert, between the State of Arizona and Southern California, which is said to lay a hundred yards below the level of the Pacific, and to measure two hundred miles in length by fifty miles in breadth. Its western side is only forty-five miles distant from the Gulf of California, and as there is a lake twenty miles long about midway, the canal to be cut would only be some twenty-five miles. The work could be accomplished in six months, and the expense is only estimated at £200,000. Besides its great uses for navigation and as an immense fish-pond, its effect on the climate of the adjoining States would probably be very beneficial.

The Freemason—but for which we "Britishers" would know almost nothing of the doings of the Craft throughout the world—contains an account, contributed by Bro. A. Fabien, of the initiation of a candidate for Freemasonry in France, "altogether in the bosom of the air, in the basket of the grand balloon of Paris," written up in the "Aerostatic Lodge," by 48° of latitude N. and 29° of longitude W. of the meridian of Paris, "at 900 metres of altitude above the profane world," August 12th, 1879. "We explain to him," writes Bro. Fabien, "that if he thus dominates the profane world which he sees very far off at his feet, it is an emblem of the height to which Masonry seeks to elevate the souls of men above all human passions." The duty of the Tyler in keeping off all cowans and intruders from Freemasonry must have been far from irksome. The French correspondent of *The Freemason* does not inform us whether the brethren adjourned from labour to refreshment up aloft, and, if so, how the viands tasted "altogether in the bosom of the air." Well, Bro. Fabien's communication is much more interesting than the dull

and dreary lists of names of members present at a Lodge, with which so many reports are sadly overloaded. If it be necessary, as I confess I fear it is, to minister a little to the vanity of Masons to entice them to read a Masonic periodical, I, for one, had rather risk my neck in a balloon than herd safely on the solid earth with those un-Masonic Masons.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ON AN OGAM INSCRIPTION.

THE forthcoming part of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," for their department of Polite Literature and Antiquities, is devoted to a memoir, by the Right Rev. Dr. Graves, Lord Bishop of Limerick, on a most remarkable Ogam inscription found on a stone monument from the Killeen of Aghlish, a disused burial ground in the parish of Minard, in the county of Kerry. For twelve or thirteen centuries, Dr. Graves thinks, it had stood at the head of a Christian grave, but recently, to save it from being carried away by some mason who wanted a lintel-stone, it had been removed to the museum of the Academy, where, it is to be hoped, it will find for all future time an abiding resting-place. The monument, in addition to the Ogam inscription, has also inscribed upon it the cross known as the Irish cross. The outline of the cross is formed not by straight lines, but by arcs of circles, and the cross itself is surrounded by a circle. Examples of it occur on fifth or sixth century Christian monuments in Ireland, and it may be seen worn on the breasts of Irish children on every anniversary of St. Patrick's Day, whence it is often called Patrick's Cross. The question of the probable origin from an Eastern source of this form of cross is discussed in the memoir. There is also to be found on this monument a remarkably disguised form of a cross, known to antiquaries as *svastika*, a form which only appeared in the Roman Catacombs towards the end of the third century, and held its ground on the monuments of the fourth. Into Ireland it was probably introduced in or soon after the time of St. Patrick. The Ogam characters are distinct, and the Bishop has little doubt as to reading them as follows: "MAQI MAQA—APLOGDO," the first two words being on the right, the third being on the left hand side of the stone. A great deal of interest attaches to the determination, after very careful consideration, that the third word is the Ogam equivalent of Aedhlogdh, which is the genitive case of a well-known proper name belonging to a chieftain living in the sixth century, and in the neighbourhood of the place where the monument was found. The chieftain Maeltuile, called the Lord of Kerry, was the son of Aedholga, to whose memory there is strong probability this monument was inscribed. "At one time," the Bishop concludes, "I might not have appealed with so much confidence to the testimony of the ancient pedigrees recorded in our manuscripts as, to establish my case, I have here done. But a more careful examination of some of these documents has led me to take a different view of the subject. It cannot be denied but that some of these pedigrees are merely ancient. Thus the 'Book of Leinster' is itself a manuscript nearly 800 years old."

A CATALOGUE OF MASONIC BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Continued from page 565, Vol. VI.)

564

- 4785 *bb.* Uriot, Mr.: *Le Veritable Portrait d'un Franc Maçon.* 12mo, 1745.
- 4785 *bb.* Freemasonry: *Fiat Lux! Oertheidigung der Mahren Freimaurerei.* 8vo, Leipzig, 1866.
- 4785 *bb.* *Illuminati: Essai sur La Secte des Illum.* 12mo, 1789.
- $\frac{1}{1}$
4785 *bb.* Riquetti, G. H.: *Lettres de Mirabeau a Chamfort.* 12mo, Paris.
- $\frac{2}{2}$
4785 *bb.* Freemasonry: *The Perfect Ceremonies, etc.* 12mo, London, 1871.
- 4785 *bb.* Landsberg, L.: *Ein Blick auf das Freimaurerthum.* 12mo, Amsterdam, 1868.
- 4785 *bb.* Freemason: *Shibboleth, or every Man a F.* 8vo, London, 1865.
- 4785 *bb.* D'Anvers, A. L'or: *Reglemens de la R. : \square Militaire, &c.* 12mo, D'Anvers, 1817.
- 4785 *bb.* Gibson, J.: *Robert Burns and Masonry.* 12mo, Liverpool (?) 1873.
- 4785 *bbb.* Freemasons, Grand Council of, *Proceedings of, etc.* 8vo, Milwaukee, 1867, etc., two parts.
- 4785 *bbb.* 8. Knights Templar: *Statutes of the K.T. in the State of Wisconsin,* 1859. 8vo, Milwaukee, 1860 (?).
- 4785 *bbb.* 9. Veen, H. G. van der: *Frymitslery der Godstsiest, etc.* 8vo, Duckum, 1871.
- 4785 *bbb.* Statto, L.: *De la Franc-Maçonnerie, etc.* 8vo, Chambéry, 1872.
- 4785 *bbb.* Cooper, P.: *Specimens of a Series of Short Extracts, etc.* 8vo, Folkestone, 1868, No. 1.
- 4785 *bbb.* Teacher, M.: *Letters addressed to a Brother in the Church F.* Boston, 1829.
- 4785 *bbb.* Acc. D.: *An Oration delivered at Epworth, Lincolnshire.* 8vo, London, 1874.
- 4785 *bbb.* Saunders, J. C. K.: *A Congratulatory Address, Isle of Arholme Lodge.* 8vo, London, 1874.
- 4785 *bbb.* Lyon, M.: *Die Mutter Kilurming Schottlands Stammloge.* 8vo, Oldenberg, 1868.
- 4785 *bbb.* Rosny, L. de: *La Franc-Maçonnerie chez les Chinos.* 8vo, Paris, 1864.
- 4785 *bbb.* *Manual Masonio: Manuel Maconnique ou Tuileur.* 8vo, Paris, 1820.
- 4784 *dd.* Seward, W. H.: *Oration delivered at the Anti-Masonic Celebration at Syracuse.* 8vo, Syracuse, 1831.
- 4784 *dd.* Freemasonry: *The National Mirror of Masonry.* 8vo, Boston, 1829.
- 4784 *dd.* Oliver, B. L.: *An Address delivered before the Washington Chapter.* 8vo, Salem, 1820.
- 4784 *dd.* Freeman, A.: *An Address to the Freemen of Massachusetts.* 8vo, Worcester, 1832.
- 4784 *dd.* Fuller, T.: *An Oration delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston.* 8vo, Boston, 1831.
- 4784 *dd.* Butter, C.: *An Oration delivered at Leominster, Massachusetts.* 8vo, Worcester, 1816 (?).

- 4784 *dd.* Merrick, P.: An Address delivered at Worcester, September 20th, 1825. 8vo, Worcester, 1826.
- 4784 *dd.* Paige, L. R.: An Address delivered before Amicable Lodge. 8vo, Cambridge, 1856.
- 4784 *dd.* Howe, J.: Address delivered in Bethesda Lodge, Brighton. 8vo, Boston, 1823.
- 4784 *dd.* Lathrop, J.: An Address delivered before King Solomon's Lodge, Charlestown. 8vo, Boston, 1811.
- 4784 *dd.* Clarke, S.: A Masonic Address delivered before a Convention of Five Lodges. 8vo, Worcester, 1819.
- 4784 *dd.* Ballou, H.: An Oration pronounced at Windsor. 8vo, Windsor, 1809.
- 4784 *dd.* Paton, C. I.: The Origin of Freemasonry. 8vo, London, 1871.
- 4784 *dd.* Yarker, J.: Notes on the Orders of the Temple and St. John. 8vo, Manchester, 1869.
- 4784 *dd.* Huntoon, B.: An Address delivered at the Installation, etc. 8vo, Boston, 1829.
- 4784 *dd.* Odell, M. C.: Freemasonry, its Principles and Results (a Sermon). 8vo.
- 4784 *dd.* Whipple, W. J.: A Masonic Address, Corinthian Lodge at Concord. 8vo, Concord, 1819.
- 4784 *dd.* Maarschalk, H.: Geschiedenis van de Orde der Vrijmetsetaren in Nederland. 8vo, Breda, 1872.
- 4784 *dd.* Freemasons, *Grand Lodge* of Iowa, Proceedings of. 8vo, Davenport, 1868.
- 4784 *dd.* Fuente V. de la: Hist. de Las Sociedades Secretas de en España. 8vo, Lugo, 3 vols, 1870.
- 4784 *e.* Freemasons, The Constitutions, etc. 4to, Worcester 1792.
- 4784 *e.* Riebesthal, F. Le: Rituel Maçonique pour toutes les Rites. 8vo, Strasbourg.
- 4784 *e.* Dictionaries: Algemeen Wijsgeerig Geschiedkundig, etc. 8vo, Amsterdam, 1844.
- 4784 *e.* Rebold, E.: Histoire des Trois Grandes Loges de Franc Maçons. 8vo, Paris, 1864.
- 4784 *e 1.* Templars, Knight: Proceedings of the Band Encampment. 8vo, New Orleans, 1874.
- 4784 *e 2.* Barker, J. G.: Early History and Transactions of Grand Lodge of F. 8vo, New York, 1876.
- 4784 *f.* Slade, W.: Letters on the Propriety of Proposing an Anti-Masonic Candidate. 8vo.
- 4784 *f.* Freemasons: Ordre Maçonique Oriental Rit de Memphis, etc. 4to.
- 4784 *f.* Freemasons: Ord . . . Maç . . . Oriental. 8vo, London, 1860 (?)
- 4784 *f.* Freemasons: O . . . M . . . Oriental. 4to, Paris, 1850.
- 4784 *f.* Freemasons: O . . . Mac . . . Oriental. 4to, 1864.
- 4784 *f.* Sucre: La Iglesia y La Masoneria. 8vo, Caracas, 1864.
- 4784 *f.* Anderson, J.: The New Book of Constitutions. 4to, London, 1738.
- 4784 *f.* Hanover Freemasons: Die Freimaurerei im Oriente von Hannover. 8vo, Hanover, 1859.
- 4784 *f.* Constable, J.: History of the Lodge of Tranquillity, No. 185. 8vo, London, 1874.
- 4784 *f.* Hughan, W. J.: Memorials of the Masonic Union of 1813. 4to, London, 1874.

- 4784 *ee* 1. Azevedo, F. J. de: Conferencias Publicas, etc., Da Maconaria. 8vo, Pernambuco, 1875.
- 4784 *ee* 2. Macedo Costa, A. de: A Maconaria Em Opposicao, etc. 8vo, Reefe, 1873.
- 4784 *ee* 3. Dupanloup, F. A. P.: Étude sur La Franc-Maçonnerie (Trois Ed.) 8vo, Paris, 1875.
- 4784 *ee* 4. Pachtter, G. M.: Der Götze der Humantät der Freimaurerei. 8vo, Freiburg, 1875.
- 4784 *dd*. Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Texas, Proceedings of. 8vo, Galveston, 1857.
- 4784 *dd*. Baracz, X. S.: Rys Dziejów zakonu Kazdodziejskiego W. Polsce. 8vo, 2 vols, We Lwowie, 1861.
- 4784 *dd*. Yates, L. G.: The California Digest of Masonic Law, 8vo, San Francisco, 1867.
- 4784 *dd*. Paton, C. J.: Freemasonry and its Jurisprudence. 8vo, London, 1872.
- 4784 *dd*. Freemasons: The Old Constitutions belonging to, etc. 8vo, London, 1871.
- 4874 *dd*. Findel, J. G.: History of Freemasonry, 2nd edition. 8vo, London, 1869.
- 4875 *a*. Mahucke, G. H.: Gesangbuch für Freymaurer, etc. 12mo, Hamburg.
- 4785 *a*. Simons, J. W.: The Book of the Commandery, etc. 16mo, New York, 1870.
- 4785 *a*. Freemasonry: Its History, Principles, and Objects. Oblong 12mo, London, 1871.
- 4785 *a*. Freemasonry: The Perfect Ceremonies of Craft M. 12mo, London, 1873.
- 4785 *aa* 2. Freemasons: Bibliotheca Maçonica. 6 vols in 3. 12mo, Paris, 1874.
- 4785 *aa*. Jones, S.: Masonic Miscellanies in Poetry and Prose. 12mo, London, 1797.
- 4785 *aa*. Bath Freemasons' Hall: The Order of the Ceremony and Procession. 12mo, Bath, 1819 (?).
- 4785 *aa*. Masons: Statutes and Regulations for the Government of Royal Arch M. 12mo, London, 1871.
- 4785 *aa*. Francs-Maçons: Les F. Ecrasés Suite, etc. 12mo, Amsterdam, 1747.
- 4785 *aa*. Freemasons: Le Secret des Francs-Maçons. 12mo, 1744.
- 4785 *aa*.¹ Naudot, F.: Chansons Noteés de la tres venerable Confrerie des Maçons Libres. 12mo, 1737.
- 4785 *aa*.² Guilleman de Saint: Recueil Précieux de la Maçonnerie, etc. 12mo, Philadelphia, 1785.
- 4785 *aa*. Freemasons: Rozmowa Dwoch Massonów Wystuchana od Profana. 12mo.
- 4785 *aaa*. Desorges L'Abbé: La Franc-Maçonnerie et L'Allocution de 25 Sept. 12mo, Paris, 1865.
- 4785 *aaa* 1. Freemasonry: A Sketch of the History of. 12mo, London, 1875 (?).
- 4785 *aaa* 8. Dechamps, M.: La Franc-Maçonnerie. 12mo, Paris, 1874.
- 4785 *aaa*. Landsberg, L.: Ein Blick Auf Das Freimauerthum, 12mo. Amsterdam, 1868.
- 4785 *aaa*. Freemasonry: Allerneuestre Entdeckung, etc., der Hohen Stufen der F. 8vo, Jerusalem, 1768.
- 4785 *aaa*. La Tierce: Hist. Obligations et Statuts, etc., des Franc-Maç. 12mo, Francfort, 1742.

- 4785 *aaa*. Free-Mason: Le Vrai Maçon, Contenant, etc. 12mo, Philadelphia, 1809.
- 4785 *aaa*. Cross, W. J. L.: The True Masonic Chart. 12mo, New Haven, 1819.
- 4785 *aaa*. Rome, Ch. of, Clement XII. Pope: Constitutiones Apostolicæ, etc., etc., Seu des Francs-Maçons. 12mo, Mediolani, 1756.
- 4785 *aaa*. Freemasons: Ordre de Le Trinité de Paris, Réglemens de la R. 12mo, 1835.
- 4785 *aaa*. Freemasons: Mipli y Uwagi nad Farmazonami. 12mo, Bethleem
- 4785 *aaa*. Freemasons: The F's Pocket Companion. 2nd edition, 12mo, Edinburgh, 1763.
- 4785 *aaa*. Freemasonry: Réponse A La Lettre d'un Docteur, etc. 12mo, 1775.
- 4785 *aaa*. R, M. L'Abbé: Recherches sur Les Initiations, etc. 12mo, Dresden, 1781.
- 4785 *aaa*. Terrason, de L'Abbé: Hist des Initiations de L'Ancienne Egypt. 12mo, Paris, 1825.
- 4785 *aaa*. Freemasonry: Syllabus, etc., etc. 12mo, 1827.
- 4785 *bb* 4. Anderson, J.: Neues Constitutionen-Buch, etc., Der Frey-Maurer, 12mo, Franckfurt, 1741.
- 4785 *bb* 5. Freemason: Enthüllung des Systems der Wethürger-Republik. 8vo, Rome, 1786.
- 4785 *bb*. Harmanus: Text Uebersetzung und Beleuchtung der Cölner Urkunde, etc. 12mo, Zurich, 1840.
- 4785 *bb*. Rau, H.: Mysterien eines Freimaurers, 12mo, Stuttgart, 1844, 2 vols.
- 4745 *bb*. Freemasonry: Lettre d'un Docteur en Théologie, etc., de Louvain. 12mo, Louvain, 1775.
- P.P. 1053 *k*. Le Globe, Archives des Initiations Anciennes et Modernes, etc. 4to, Paris, 1839, etc.
- P.P. 1053 *l*. Le Franc-Maçon Revue Mensuelle. 8vo, Paris, 1848, An. 1, Liv. 4 et 5.
- PP. 1055 *be* P. P. Leipsic: Die Buhütte. Illust. Freimaurerzeitung, by J. G. Findel. 4to, Leipzig, 1848, etc.
- P.P. 1072. The Freemason's Magazine and General Miscellany. 8vo, Philadelphia, 1811.
- 4326 *d*. St. Martin's Hall and Freemasons' Hall: Report of the General Meeting of Clergy and Laity. 8vo, London, 1850 (?).
- 835 $\frac{g}{8}$ 4. Freemasons: A Speech delivered to the Free and Accepted Masons. 4to, York, 1727.
- 12512 *bbb*. Freemasons: A Mostani Adeptus vagy is A Szabad Kömivesek, etc. 8vo, Béts, 1810.
- 12512 *aa*. Freemasons: L'Adepte Moderne ou La Vrai Secret des Franc-Maçons. 12mo, Londres.
- 12627 *a*. Freemason: Evening Hours, 2 vols. 12mo, Melbourne, 1869.
- 3053 *g*. Bible: O.T. Appendix, Scriptural Extracts for the use of the Royal Arch Masons and Chapters. 4to, London, 1871.
- 11481 $\frac{f}{1}$. Freemasonry: La Maçonnerie Poème en trois Chants. 8vo, Paris, 1820.
- 11481 $\frac{f}{2}$. Fée, F. Le: La Maçonnerie Ode. 8vo, Paris, 1819.
- 992 $\frac{k}{2}$ 8. Freemason: The Generous Freemason. 8vo, London, 1731.
- 899 $\frac{e}{3}$ 1. Freemason: I Secreti Franchi Muratori, etc. 12mo.
- B 693. Celtic: The Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things, etc. 8vo, London, 1776.

- 1890 c. Freemasons: The Grand Procession of the Scald Miserable
 $\frac{9}{}$ Masons, etc. Folio, London.
- 4418 e. Freemasons: A Masonic Hymn, etc. 12mo.
 $\frac{15}{}$
- 1121 c 14. Freemasons: A F's Pocket Companion. 12mo, London, 1831.
- 8032 c. Freemasons: Reflessione Intorav Alla Sotta de Liberi Macratori.
 $\frac{8}{}$ 8vo, 1790.
- 8050 cc. Monnier, J. F.: On the Influence attributed to Philosophers and
 Freemasons, etc. 8vo, London, 1801.
- 9930 a. Freemasons: Order of Procession of the United Tradesman's
 Lodge of Freemasons. 12mo, Geelong, 1857.
- 8050 cc 1. Freemasonry: Le Voile Levé Pour Les Curieux. 8vo, 1791.
 $\frac{3}{}$
- 7755 bb. Freemasons: Beschrijving van den Maconnieken Gedenkpenning,
 etc. 8vo.
- 7755 bb. Adept: Anweisung eines A Hermetische Schriften nützlich zu
 Lesen. 8vo, Leipzig, 1782.
- 7755 bb. Rosenthal, H.: Die Öffentlich-rechtliche Stellung der Freimaurer-
 logen in Preussen. 8vo, Breslau, 1878.
- 7755 bb. Fritzner: Kaiser Wilhelm I. als Freimaurer in Wort. & That.
 8vo, Breslau, 1876.
- 7755 bb. Bandel, J. A. von.: Schutzschrift Benedicti XIV., etc., die Frey-
 maurerer. 8vo, Costanz, 1751.
- 7755 bb. Philaretus pseud.: Schreiben Eines Frey-Maurers von Marburg,
 etc. 4to, Frankfurt, 1752.
- 7755 bb. Conrad, M. G.: Mehr Licht! Kritische Betrachtungen über die
 Freimaurerei. 8vo, Zurich, 1877.
- 7755 bb. Woodward, J. H. H.: How to Defeat Masonic Scoundrelism.
 8vo, Cincinatti, 1876.
- 7755 bb. Smith, Hon. J. T.: Light, a Lecture at Masonic Hall, Melbourne.
 8vo, Melbourne, 1870.
- 7755 bb. Giddins, E.: An Account of the Savage Treatment of Captain
 William Morgan for Publishing the Secrets of Masonry. 8vo,
 Boston.
- 7755 bb. Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Connecticut, Proceedings of.
 12mo, Hartford, Con., 1796.
- 7755 bb. Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Connecticut, Constitutions and
 Bye-Laws. 12mo, Hartford, 1799.
- 7755 bb. Freemasons: Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, Appendix to the Pro-
 ceedings of. 8vo, Madison, 1859.
- 7755 bb. Rouher, C. E.: Enthüllungen Aus Den Freimaurerei. 8vo,
 Budapest, 1876.
- 7755 bb. Morgan, W., Freemason: Serious Call, or Masonry Revealed.
 8vo, Boston, 1829.
- 7755 bb. Vermont, State of: Anti-Masonic State Convention, Proceedings
 of. 8vo, Montpelier, 1833.
- 7755 bb. Uslar, H. von.: Die Freimaurerei in Unseren Tagen. 8vo,
 Wolfenbüttel, 1876.
- 7755 bb. Freemasons: Grand Orient do Basil Discursos Recitados, etc.
 8vo, Rio-de-Janeiro, 1865.
- 1369 i. Everett, E.: Thoughts on the Excitement in Reply to a Letter.
 8vo, Worcester, 1803.
- 1369 i. Massachusetts, No. 4: Fourth Anti-Masonic State Convention.
 8vo, Boston, 1833.
- 1369 i. Krause, K. C. F.: Die drei Ältesten Kunsturkunden der Treim.
 8vo, Dresden, 1819, 2 vols.

- 1369 *i* 11. Sprague, W.: An Official Report, etc., of Rhode Island on Masonry. 8vo, Providence, 1832.
- 1369 *i*. V . . ., J. M. de: La Messe et ses Mysteries, etc. 8vo, Paris, 1844.
- 1369 *i*. S . . ., F. M. R. de: La Maçonnerie, etc., des Religions. 8vo, Paris, 1833.
- 1369 *i* 18. Kloss, G.: Bibliographie der Freimaurerei. 8vo, Frankfurt, 1844.
- 1369 *i* 20. Freemasonry: A Collection of Letters on F. 8vo, Boston, 1830.
- 1
- 1369 *i* 20. United States of America, Anti-Masonic Convention, The Proceedings of, etc. 8vo, Philadelphia, 1830.
- 2
- 1369 *i* 20. Freemasonry: Masonry the same all over the World. 8vo, Boston, 1830.
- 3
- 1369 *i* 20. Ritner, J.: Vindication of General Washington, etc., to Secret Societies. 8vo, Boston, 1841.
- 4
- 1369 *i*. Bertola, G.: De L'Origine Morale et Religieuse de la Mac. 8vo, London, 1841.
- 1369 *i*. Freemasonry: Jachin and Boaz. London, 1812.
- 1369 *i*. Brainard, W. F.: Masonic Lecture at Union Lodge, New London. 8vo, Boston, 1830.
- 1369 *i*. B . . ., J. C.: Précis Historique de L'Ordre de la Franc-Maç. 8vo, Paris, 1829.
- 1369 *i*. Pennsylvania: Proceedings of the Anti-Masonic Convention. 8vo, Harrisburg, 1830.
- 1869 *i*. Pennsylvania: Ahiman Rezon Abridged, etc. 8vo, Philadelphia, 1783.
- 1369 *i*. Freemasons: Freemasonry in Europe, etc. 8vo, London, 1846.
- 1369 *i*. Freemasonry in England: The Early History of. 2nd edition. London, 1844.
- 1369 *i*. Hutchinson, W.: The Spirit of Masonry. 8vo, London, 1843.

THE DIDOT SALE.

Continued from Page, 93.

THE section of printed books commenced with (Nos. 46, 47, 48, 49) four of those curious volumes to which we apply the name of block-books or xylographic books, and which are generally supposed to have formed the link between the manuscripts of older times and the typography which started into existence in the middle of the 15th century. There are critics who imagine that all block-books are later productions—cheaper popular stereographs, in fact—than the first essays of the printing press; but it is an undoubted fact that manuscripts are extant in which we find initial letters, or small figures of saints bearing legends, printed from wood or metal upon black spaces, dated in some instances several years earlier than the universally-admitted birthday of the first child of typography. No. 46 was the “*Ars Moriendi*,” a book of which several xylographic editions are known to have to be printed, some of them extant in unique copies, as in the instance of Didot’s volume. It was bought by the Bibliothèque Nationale for 18,000*l*. 47 and 48 were two different editions of the “*Apocalypse Block-book*,” concerning whose proper sequence as to date the critics have not been quite in agreement. The first, which was probably of the earliest extant edition, brought 14,500*l*., and the latter 5,900*l*. No. 49 was the “*Opera Nova Contemplativa*,” a block-book which bears the printer’s name and residence (Venice), and has been shown to

be not anterior to 1510, but which is remarkable as the only Italian block-book known. It was bought by the Bibliothèque Nationale for 1,300f.

No. 50 was the first Greek Bible printed by Aldus, 1518, which was cheaply bought by Mr. Ellis for 100f. 51, an odd volume, printed on vellum, of Schoeffer's Latin Bible (Mentz, 1462)—1,700f. (Labitte); 53, the Latin Bible of Robert Estienne (Paris, 1540), in a binding executed for the celebrated scholar and book-collector, J. A. de Thou—1,300f. (Labitte); 64, "Psautier de David en vers libres, par Blaise de Vigenère" (Paris, 1588), in the binding of Henri III.—1,050f. (Fontaine); 66, Greek New Testament (Paris, R. Estienne, 1550), in a 16th century binding—1,800f. (Labitte); 67, "Le Nouveau Testament," Lyon, without date (about 1474), one of the first books printed in the French language—3,550f. (Labitte); 70, "Durandi Rationale," the first edition of the work, printed on vellum at Mentz, by Peter Schoeffer, in 1459—6,500f. (Cohn); 73, "Missale Ecclesie Cathalaunensis," the dedication copy of the Chalons-sur-Marne Missal, printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1543—3,600f. (Labitte); 74, the Rouen Missal, printed by Nich. Le Roux (who also printed several of our English Sarum books)—1,000f. (Labitte); 75, Utrecht Missal, printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1497—1,655f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 76, the Missal of Monte Cassino, printed by L. A. Giunta, at Venice, in 1506—7,000f. (Téchener); 77, Roman Missal, of Hieronymite use, printed at Saragossa by Georg Coci or Koch in 1510—2,300f. (Ellis). Nos. 80 to 155 comprised the collection of printed Horæ or Livres d'Heures, illustrated with engravings, and dating from 1488 to 1556, for which M. Didot was more especially renowned; 80 was a Pigouchet, on vellum, of 1488—1,020f. (Labitte); 83, "Heures de Rome," Simon Vostre, 1497—1,580f. (Labitte); 85, Horæ, of Salisbury use, with some prayers in English, printed by Pigouchet for Vostre in 1498, the only copy known—3,200f. (Quaritch); 86, "Heures de Rome," a beautiful copy on vellum, with very fine engravings—3,000f. (Quaritch); 90, "Heures de Lion," on vellum, Pigouchet, 1502—1,520f. (Morgand); 92, "Horas de Nuestra Señora," Higman for Vostre, undated (about 1507), printed on paper—1,530f.; 93, "Heures d'Autun," printed on vellum, by Higman for Vostre, 1512—1,720f. (Lortic); 94, Heures de Rome," Vostre, 1506, on vellum—1,680f. (Ellis); 95, "Heures de Xaintes," Vostre, 1507, on vellum—1,300f. (Ellis); 97, "Heures de Rouan," Vostre, about 1508, on paper—1,600f. (Labitte); 98, "Horæ secundum Romanum usum," Vostre, about 1508, on vellum,—1,500f. (Quaritch); 103, Vêrard's "Grandes Heures de Rouen," about 1488, an undescribed edition, on vellum—7,970f. (Fontaine); 106, "Horæ secundum usum Lugdunensem," printed by Jean du Pré at Paris about 1491—1,150f. (Quaritch); 107, "Hore ad usum Parisiensem," believed to have been printed by Gering at Paris about 1494—3,100f. (Ellis); Nos. 108 to 116 were Horæ printed by the Kerver family; among which the highest price (1,100f.) was fetched by No. 110, Theilman Kerver for Guillaume Estace, about 1501. Of those printed by the Hardonins (117 to 122) the highest price (1,000f.) was fetched by No. 119. Nos. 125 to 134 were printed by Geoffroy Tory and Simon de Colines, illustrated with those beautiful engravings and arabesque ornaments which have made Tory's name famous, and which marked a new departure in French art, the abandonment of the Gothic style and the adoption of Italian and classical taste. No. 126, "Horæ secundum consuetudinem Ecclesie Parisiensis," Tory, 1527, on paper—2,900f. (Lortic); 127, "Horæ," on vellum, Du Bois for Tory (1527)—3,500f. (Chon); 128, "Horæ Romanæ," Tory, 1529, on vellum—4,300f. (Labitte); 130, "Horæ ad usum Romanum," Oliver Mallard, 1542, with Tory's engravings—3,000f. (Quaritch); 148, "Diurnale Imperatoris Maximiliani," printed on vellum by Schönspurger in 1514—3,000f. (Labitte); 150, "Psalterium Virginis," printed in the Monastery of Tzenna, near Magdeburg, about 1494 or 1495, illustrated with designs in which the richly emblematical imagination of the artist has run into curiously grotesque

pictures, 1,400f. (Ellis); 153, "Officium beatae Marie Virginis," Venice, 1545, on vellum, 2,000f. (Cohn). No. 157 was a copy of the rare second edition of "Lactantius," printed by Schweynheim and Pannartz at Rome in 1468—1,420f. (Quaritch); 159, "Hieronymi Epistolae," Mentz, Schoeffer, 1470—3,000f. (Ellis); 167, "L'orloge de Sapience," printed on vellum by Antoine Verard at Paris in 1493, 9,500f. (Téchener); 168, a collection of ascetic pieces printed by Günther Zainer at Augsburg about 1470, in which is included the first edition of the famous "Imitatio Christi"—1,500f. (Fontaine); 170, "Monte Sancto di Dio" of Antonio Bettini di Siena, printed at Florence in 1477, and celebrated as the first book containing copper-plate engravings—4,800f. (Cohn); this book would probably have fetched a much higher price if opinion had been unanimous concerning the genuineness of the engravings; 174, "Justiniani Instituciones," printed by Peter Schoeffer, at Mentz, in 1468, on vellum—6,900f.; 178, "Constumier de Poictou," Marner, 1514, an unique copy on vellum—5,500f.; 179, "Constumes du Pays de Bourbonnoys," printed on vellum, at Paris, in 1521, and the only copy known—5,000f. (Duc d'Aumale); 183, "Ordonances Royaux," Paris, 1582, in a binding of the time—3,350f. (Téchener); 187, the "Somme Rural" of Jehen Boutillier, the first book printed at Abbeville, 1486—3,000f.; 191, "Bonifacii Liber Sextus Decretalium," printed by Peter Schoeffer in 1465, on vellum—4,500f. (Ellis); 202, "Cicero de Officiis," etc., Schoeffer, 1465, the first edition of the first printed classic, on vellum—6,050f. (Quaritch); 231, "Le Jeu des Eschez," a French translation of the celebrated Chess-book of Jacopo di Cessole, printed at Paris by Vêrard in 1504, with woodcuts—3,400f. (Quaritch); 233, "Briefue Instruction pour Tous Estats," by Girard Corlieu, Paris, 1588, entirely printed in the peculiar type called *caracteres de civilité*—1,200f. (Quaritch); 238, "Ingiustizia del Duello," by G. B. Susio, Vinegia, 1555, in a binding executed for the famous Anne de Montmorency—5000f. (Flammermont); 258, Ambroise Pare's curious treatise on "la maniere de traicter les plays faieres tat par hacquebues que par fleches," Paris, 1552, the dedication copy to Henry II., printed on vellum—6,000f. (Quaritch); 264, Th. Blouet, "Pronostication," only interesting as having been printed at Lille in 1503—1,380f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 277, "Modelbüch," an early collection of designs and patterns for lacework, Cologne, 1545—1,900f. (Quaritch); 278, Vecellio, "Corona dell Donne," designs for lace-work, Venice, 1592—1,100f. (Labitte); 284, "De Artificiali Perspectiva," by Jean Pelerin surnamed "Viator," 1505, the first book printed in the old episcopal city of Toul, and also the first treatise on the subject of perspective in art—2,080f. (Quaritch); 289, "Champ Fleury" of Geoffroy Tory, first edition, Paris, 1529, with woodcuts—820f. (Quaritch); 291, "Livre Artincieux," a book of designs for painters, Anvers, 1540—1,220f. (Quaritch); 295, "Vitruvius et Frontinus," first edition, printed at Rome 1486—1,100f. (Quaritch); 306, "Æsop and other Fabulists," in Latin, an undated edition, attributed in the sale catalogue to Johann Zainer, of Ulm, but which seemed rather to be from a Cologne or Dutch press—1,550f. (Quaritch); 311, "Tewrdannckh," the famous allegorical romance written by or at the suggestion of the Emperor Maximilian upon his marriage with Mary of Burgundy, first edition, Nuremberg, 1517, printed on vellum—5,820f. (Labitte); 342, Albert Dürer's three celebrated sets of woodcuts in folio size (1511); "The Life of the Virgin," "The Passion of Christ," and the "Apocalypse" in figures, bound in one volume—4,800f. (Bibliothèque Nationale). The price marks an astonishing advance in the commercial value of Dürer's work, as the three pieces in this instance were of the inferior issue which is recognized by the appearance of a printed text on the reverse of the woodcut-pages, which in the superior state is left blank. 343, Dürer's "Passion," in quarto size, with engravings on copper, date 1511—1,720f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 350, "Trachtenbuch," a book of costumes engraved on wood, by Jobst Amman, 1577—1,070f. (Quaritch)

357, "Passio Christi," about 1509, with engravings of Hans Wechtlin, a much rarer book than the contemporary and similar "Passions" executed by Hans Scheuffelein and the Master V.G., fell at the unusually low price of 630f. (Quaritch); 360, "Looszbuch," a curious woodcut volume of figures for the divination of destiny, Strasburg, 1546—320f. (Quaritch); 365, Lucas Cranach's "Passional Christi und Antichristi," a fine series of woodcuts satirically contrasting the life of Christ and the pomps of the Papacy—450f. (Labitte); 377, Sebastian Brandt's "Ship of Fools," in Latin, with woodcuts, the edition of the March kalends of 1498—580f. (Fontaine). No. 381 was a remarkable curiosity, being a set of 44 drawings of the "Dance of Death," assigned by many excellent critics to the hand of Holbein himself, and with some show of evidence, which, however, would not go far to satisfy any severely logical investigation. It fell for 20,000f. to M. Fontaine. 382, "Simulacres de la Morte," Holbien's designs in the first edition of Lyons, 1538, 1,700f. (Labitte); 393, "Jac. Phil. Bergomensis de Claris Mulieribus," the edition of Ferrara, 1497, which is prized for its fine woodcuts—1,520f. (Fontaine). 394, "Hieronymi Epistolæ," Ferrara, 1497, with woodcuts—1,400f. 395, "Predica dell Arte del Bene Morire" of Savonarola, with woodcuts, Florence, 1496—1,420f. 397, "Meditationes Cardinalis J. de Turrecremata," printed at Foligno in 1479, a rare book, equally remarkable for its typographical beauty and for its woodcuts, which were probably the first productions of Italian art in that branch of engraving—3,250f. (Quaritch); 398, "Libro de la Ventura," Milan, 1508, a woodcut book of fortune-telling—700f. (Quaritch); 401, the second Rome edition of Cardinal Turrecremata's "Meditations," mentioned above under No. 397, Ulrich Hahn, 1478, with the same woodcuts as had appeared in the first edition of 1467—2,400f. (Ellis); 404, the first edition of the Aldine Poliphilo, Venice, 1499, with woodcuts from designs attributed to Giovanni Bellini—1,820f. (Labitte); 411, "Transformationi" of Lodovic Dolce, with woodcuts, Venice, 1553, a large paper copy in old Venetian binding—1,620f. (Quaritch); 420, "Thesoro de la Passion," Saragossa, 1494, a very rare book, believed to be the first with woodcuts which was printed in Spain—2,050f. (Quaritch); 421, "Terentius," printed at Lyons in 1493, with woodcuts—2,100f. (Revanat); 424, Holbein's Bible prints, the first edition of Lyons, 1538, with Latin text—1,950f. (Bancel); 425, the second edition of 1539—1,620f. (Labitte); 454, "Josephus," printed at Lyons in 1566, with engravings by Woeiriot, unique—2,000f. (Ellis); 464, "La Danse Macabe," printed at Paris by Guy Merchant, 1490, with remarkable woodcuts—5,100f. (Labitte); 465, "La Danse Macabre," the edition of Cousteau and Menart, Paris, 1492—5,350f.; 466, "Compost et Calendrier des Bergers," Paris, 1493, with curious woodcuts—5,000f.; 484, "L'Amour de Cypido et de Psyche," Paris, 1546, a tiny volume with fine copper-plate engravings attributed to Jean Cousin—2,200f. (Morgand); 494, "Méditations de la Passion," Paris, 1578, with woodcuts; dedication copy to Henry III.—1,300f. (Labitte); 505, "Sacre de Henry II.," 1547, 1,680f.; 507, "Entrée de Henry II. à Paris," 1549—1,750f. (Bibliothèque Nationale); 508, "Spectacles Dressés à Rouen à Henry II.," 1551—2,700f. (Labitte); 514, "Entrée de Henry IV. en Rouen," 1596—1,300f.; 518, "Entrée de la Reyne Mére dans les villes des Pays-Bas," 1632—1,520f.; 521, "Sacre de Louis XV.," 1722—1,100f. The last lot in the catalogue is No. 525, "Feste delle Nozze del Gran Duca Francesco e della sua Consorte Bianca Capello," Florence, 1579, which brought 690f.

Thus ended the second Didot sale, after six days of unwearied competition.

GOD KNOWS THE BEST

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And sun and stars for evermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—
 Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
 God's plans go on as best for you and me ;
 How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
 Because His wisdom to the end could see.
 And even as prudent parents disallow
 Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
 So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
 Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
 We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,—
 Be sure a wiser Hand than yours or mine
 Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
 And if some friend we love is lying low
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,—
 O, do not blame the loving Father so,
 But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend ;
 And that sometimes the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
 If we could push ajar the gates of life
 And stand within, and all God's workings see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day ! Then be content, poor heart !
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold ;
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if, through patient toil we reach the land,
 Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest ;
 When we shall clearly know and understand,
 I think that we will say " God knew the best."